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THE SPHERE

Vol. CLXXXI No. 2361 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC APRIL 21 1945

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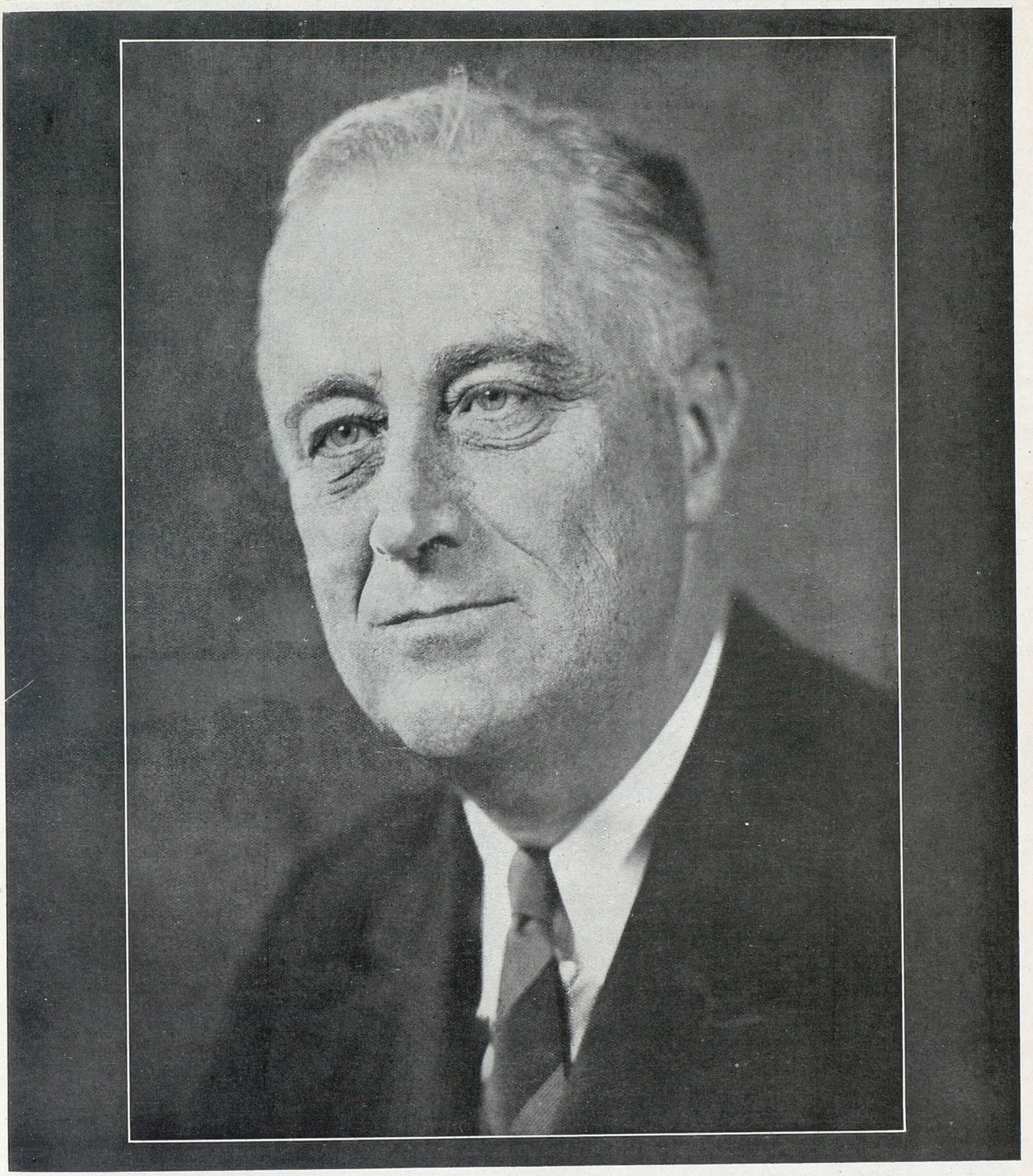
Volume CLXXXI No. 2361 The SPHERE, London, April 21, 1945

THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly



THE LATE FRANKLIN DELANO ROOSEVELT, FOUR TIMES PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES, WHO DIED SUDDENLY AT WARM SPRINGS, GEORGIA, ON APRIL 12, AT THE AGE OF SIXTY-THREE. He was the thirty-first President of the Union, and one of the greatest men of modern times *(see also page 67 of this issue)*

The greatest American of this century, he was the first man to have been four times President of his country. His first term opened on March 4, 1933 : his death on April 12 occurred within less than six months of his last election. Mr. Roosevelt was staying at his cottage in Georgia, where he had been going for twenty years to take after-treatment for the infantile paralysis which overtook him in 1921 : very few people were with him when he was suddenly seized with cerebral haemorrhage, and the end came within a few hours. His death in the very hour of victory is the very greatest loss to all the Allied nations

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A WAR NEWSLETTER—No. 294

1, New Oxford Street, W.C.1.

F.D.R.—Roosevelt is dead. What I write is written within an hour of hearing the news. The blows of fate are incalculable in time and consequences. The shock of this blow is felt across the world, like a catastrophic earthquake. In every recording centre in civilisation the needle quivers and writes impressions. For me, at least, no "bird of dawning sang the whole night long" on April 12, 1945. The bitter news came with complete surprise and with an awful shock. This was a man, take him for all in all. . . . I never saw him, I think. Yet I doubt whether seeing him or knowing him would increase a man's awareness of his greatness. If ever a man was great through his works, with no additional help from his personality, F.D.R. was that man. What we Britons owed to his greatness and vision in 1940 may one day without fantastic exaggeration be compared with what we owed to Mr. Churchill at the same period. At that time he moved mountains, cut through granite blocks with his finger-nails, pierced with his eagle's vision the thickest blanket of fog, and with his indomitable will the thickest curtain of prejudice. He did more than give us the tools. He so wrought on public opinion in the States that within an unimaginably short time his great country, with its inexhaustible resources, was harnessed to the last buckle, and taking the strain on every front to the last decimal point of its mathematical quota of responsibility. To recognise the greatness of F.D.R. you must compare a true picture of America 1939 with one of America 1942. Indeed, he was great enough to have done what he did without a Pearl Harbour to help him. Incalculable in time, these blows of Fate are as incalculable in consequences. In that knowledge was the saw stamped out that "no man is indispensable." At first sight, the consequences seem irreparable. The Allies have lost a strongest voice, a casting vote, a liberal, pure, disinterested influence for good on all matters that belong unto our Peace.

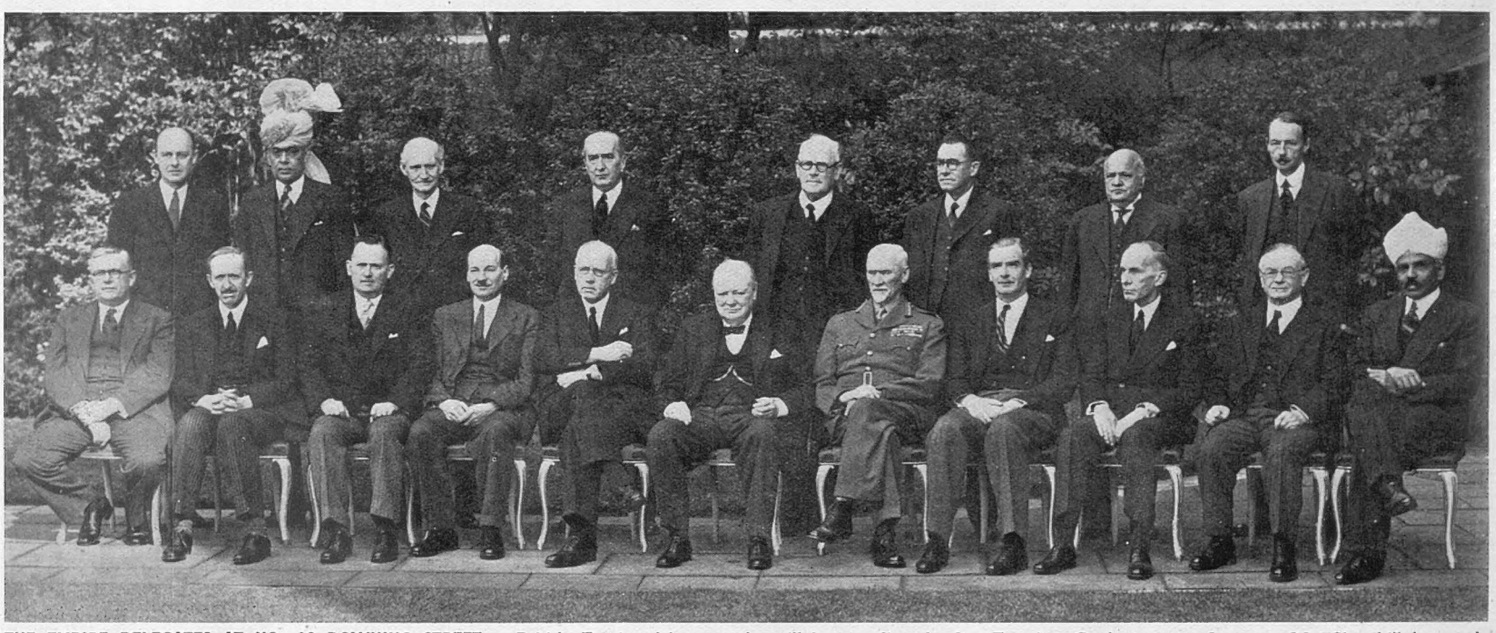
Indispensable ?—The President is dead. Long live the President-vice-President! Yet the possibility of still another, and premature, American pre-Presidential Election campaign breaking out is in itself enough to daunt all hearts. The floodgates of party bitterness may bend and bulge again. And never before was the need more urgent to concentrate on the means of ending the war. I will not wait upon the opinion of others better qualified than I to comment on this bitter news and its implications. As for its implications, we are all in the same boat; high or humble, we are the blind leading the blind. I record my first reactions while they are fresh and raw. Britain had never a better friend outside Britain, or a stronger and wiser. Nor had Mr. Churchill. Britain and Mr. Churchill, America and civilisation—all have my sympathy to-day. America is a great country. We have no reason to suppose it will not throw up to match the needs of the hour another great liberal, noble-minded leader. But the works of F.D.R. will live and testify to his greatness so long as men read history. Roosevelt, Churchill, Stalin. . . . We in England have recently rejected with scorn the idea of a "one-man" victory, and rightly. Yet we once spoke very certainly of a one-man's war and that man Hitler. To-day one cannot but be conscious that the boot is on the other leg. The three great Allied Powers have indeed of late been (or seemed to be) more vulnerable to the blows of fate than Germany. Himmler can carry on the evil works (to the appointed doom) of a moribund and dusty Hitler. But the Big Three among the Allies did indeed only yesterday appear irreplaceable keymen for the completion of the vital plans of Yalta. If it be human to err, it is not less so to die. Either no man is indispensable or it is possible to put too many eggs in one basket Time will show and Time is rationed.

A Time for Greatness.—He died in harness. The Japanese war is still in the heart of Americans, and Mr. Roosevelt, too, America's No. 1 Priority. His vision and their drive enabled him, though he died in harness, to die, like Wolfe and Nelson, in the hour of victory; in Europe at least. The Japanese war is perhaps by no means so near its end. The mighty task is still to be done, as in Europe the garnering of victory remains to do. All power to Mr. Truman. For no man to-day carries a heavier burden of work and responsibility. If ever there was a time for greatness it is to-day, in America, in Britain, in Russia, in France, and elsewhere. Nothing has hit us in the eyes more stunningly during these last bitter years than the obstinacy with which pettiness and meanness and selfishness have fought with, and obstructed, greatness, nobility and sacrifice of self. Always there have been two enemies, the enemy without, and the enemy within, the gates. We in Britain of late have seen with sombre foreboding again signs of the unedifying aftermath of united sacrifice and common splendour and victory . . . a trickling back to the gutter and the backyard. It may be that in America these shabby heads, these little voices, may see a god-sent chance to rise again. We do not know. But, if we can claim to know anything, we know that Big Business to-day, here and in America, is comprised in achieving the swiftest end of the wars, and *that* can only be done by greatness of mind and its ingredients, loyalty, vision, restraint and patriotism.

Embarrassment.—There have been times in the more sombre phases of this long war when I was wont to grouse that on September 3, 1939, I never bargained for 300 *total* war newsletters; there were, in a word, times when definite news fit to comment upon was hard to come by. To-day the boot is on the other leg, when No. 300 is only just round the corner. The journalist is embarrassed by the plethora of major thrills. It is "capital" news, indeed, when within twenty-four-hour periods two or three European capitals fall and the gold capital of the Reich is scooped out of a salt-mine, with an Emperor's ransom in works of art. Even Napoleon would have considered Koenigsberg, Vienna, Hanover and the gold reserve of Germany a good day's bag. I doubt if any conquering Allied army ever did better; and that was not the whole story by a long way. Isn't it odd then—how unpredictable the whims of journalists!—that most of us dismissed this little haul in a couple of columns and devoted the rest to verbatim reports of the stings and flings, the accusations and ripostes, of British politicians, members of the same loyal war Government, one against another, in the first exchanges of a new total war of parties? Yes, it is very odd and at first sight disillusioning—until we open our history book at the years 1792-1805, and find precisely the same conditions—the Battle of Westminster bulking thrice as large as the critical battlefields of Europe. A day is not far distant when another "characteristic" scene, dear to politicians, must be staged at Westminster. The whole House will rise "as one man" and will cheer to the echo, with pæans and shouts which will not die down and will shake the roof, the man of destiny and Victory. On that day, for one hour at least, it will be acknowledged a "One Man" victory. Embarrassing, then, for *this* loyal confrere and *that*, to transfer dagger or bludgeon from the right to the left hand in order to "lend a hand" in crowning with a laurel-wreath the hero of the hour? Lord bless you, no! All in the day's work, all quite characteristic—the good old party way of the good old party days. It is ever thus that we praise to the skies a dead statesman or prepare to eject a live statesman who has done his stuff. It is all well within the compass and resource of a party politician of any colour. Hypocrisy? Good Lord, no! Just British.

V 3 ?—Naturally, we hope that we have seen the worst and last of V 1 and V 2. The Home Secretary and other Ministers concerned rightly warn us against over-complacency. We 've been 'ad before. I am wondering whether V 3 will be perhaps as unpleasant and as destructive. I so label the party-political weapon which is about to burst on our devoted heads. Mr. Bevin has recently issued a blueprint of it; it is no longer on the secret list. I don't blame him. I believe that he honestly felt about Mr. Churchill's Conservative Party war speech very much what Cæsar felt when Brutus "unkindly knocked"; and got in his knock *first*. There again I don't blame Brutus. If party politics it must be, the blow was shrewd and the chance not to be neglected. But it is impossible not to note how suave was the experienced Premier, how good-humoured, how loyal to his colleagues. And by comparison how blunt an instrument was Bevin's dagger. Mr. Churchill, after all, never said it was a *one-man* war, and Mr. Bevin need not have denounced a suggestion that was never made. But we get a taste of what 's to come. In a few months, we shall be badgered and battered by (and heartily sick of) party bludgeons, jibes, insults and *tu quoques*; and we shall find that very, very few of the protagonists in any camp have the *quality* to perform the nasty business with suavity and without rancour. Mr. Churchill can do it. Mr. Attlee will try to do it. Mr. Eden, if he intervene, may be suave enough. But it's a difficult art, requiring immense experience and education. So we must expect to see a vast amount of mud thrown at the Premier within a few weeks of his deification by the public in the victory procession to St. Paul's and in the victory columns of all the Press. It won't be edifying.

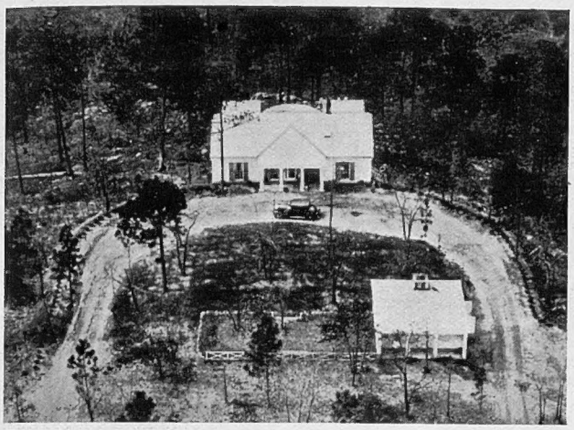
The Old Stager



THE EMPIRE DELEGATES AT NO. 10 DOWNING STREET: British Empire delegates who will be attending the San Francisco Conference next June met Mr. Churchill last week. This picture was taken in the garden of No. 10, Downing Street, and shows, from left to right, front row: Dr. Evatt (Australia); Lord Cranborne; Mr. Forde (Australia); Mr. Attlee; Mr. Fraser (New Zealand); Mr. Winston Churchill; Field-Marshal Smuts (South Africa); Mr. Anthony Eden; Mr. Vincent Massey (Canada); Mr. Amery; Sir R. Mudaliar (India). Back row: Mr. Hume Wrong; Sir F. K. Noon; Mr. Heaton Nicholls; Mr. Bruce; Mr. Jordan; Mr. Berendsen (Minister for New Zealand in the United States); Sir V T. Krishnamachariar and the Duke of Devonshire

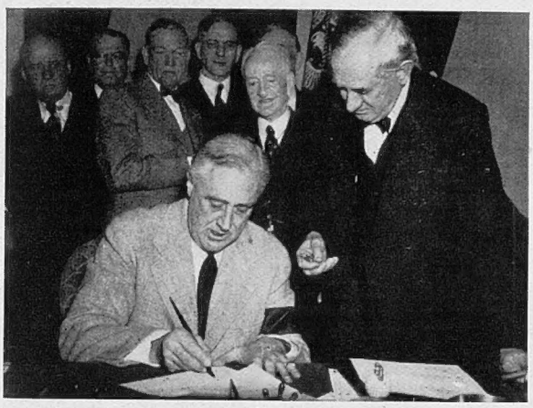
The Death of President ROOSEVELT

The Swearing-in of Senator Truman as the New President



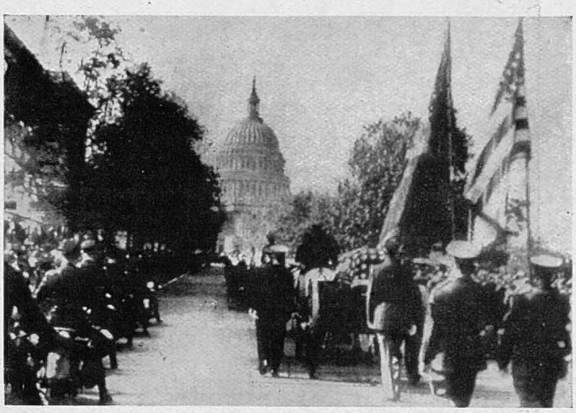
THE "LITTLE WHITE HOUSE" WHERE PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT DIED: The cottage at Warm Springs, in Georgia. Deep ruts in the wooded grounds testify to the numerous visits made by hundreds of statesmen to the President

Franklin Delano Roosevelt was born at Hyde Park on January 30, 1882. After leaving Harvard, he married—on St. Patrick's Day, 1905—Miss Eleanor Roosevelt, niece of "Teddy" Roosevelt. He entered politics in 1910, and at San Francisco in 1920 was chosen for the Vice-Presidency, but was defeated. Shortly afterwards he was stricken with infantile paralysis. Despite this almost overwhelming catastrophe, Mr. Roosevelt became Governor of New York in 1928; and in the summer of 1932 he was nominated at Chicago as Democratic candidate for the Presidency. His opponent was Mr. Herbert Hoover. After twelve years of office for the Republicans, Mr. Roosevelt was elected, and thus began the first of his four terms—an honour unprecedented in American history. His death on April 12 came as a stupefying blow to his own people and to all the Allied nations. He was buried on April 15

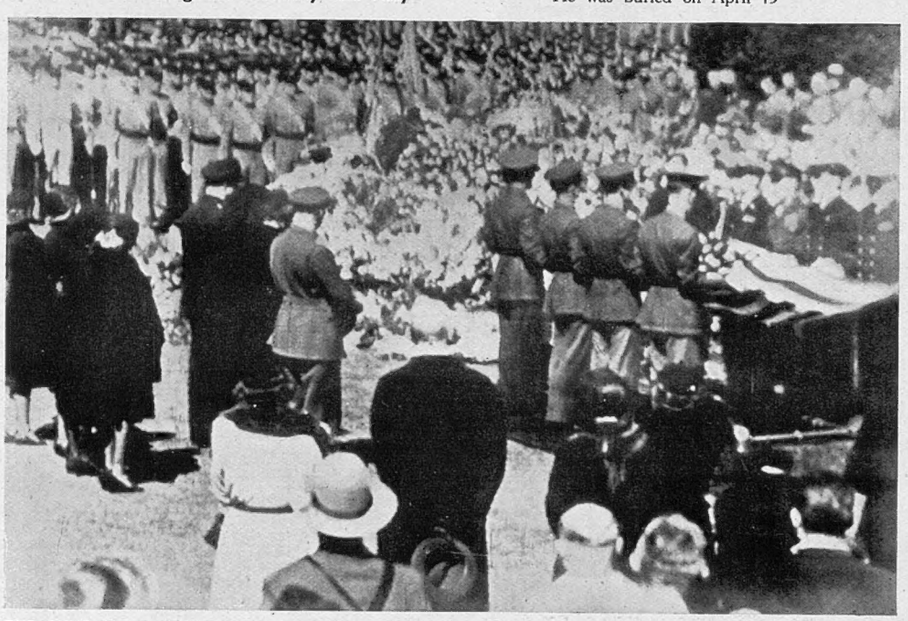


SIGNING THE DECLARATION OF WAR: President Roosevelt with Senator Tom Connally (on right), Chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee, in Washington on December 11, 1941, signing the Declaration of War against Germany and Italy

AT THE YALTA CONFERENCE IN FEBRUARY 1945, the last great Allied meeting attended by Mr. Roosevelt. The pictures taken of the late President on this occasion showed that he had aged very considerably during recent months. When the official photographs were taken, Mr. Roosevelt was wearing a distinctive cloak with velvet collar



THE BODY OF THE LATE PRESIDENT ARRIVES IN WASHINGTON: The cortege passing up Delaware Avenue, followed by the flags. In the background is the dome of the Capitol



THE FUNERAL IN NEW YORK: President Roosevelt was buried on the estate at Hyde Park where he was born sixty-three years ago. His grave is in a rose garden on a hill overlooking the Hudson River. Forty-eight guns saluted the passing of the President

A PORTRAIT STUDY OF PRESIDENT HARRY S. TRUMAN, elected Vice-President last year, and now sworn in as successor to the late President Roosevelt

THE NEW PRESIDENT: Mr. Harry S. Truman, a Senator from Missouri, was chosen to run with President Roosevelt last year. He has now been sworn in as the 32nd President of the U.S. He was born on a farm in Missouri in 1884. In the last war, he emerged with the rank of Major, and returned to Kansas City at the Armistice. He turned to State politics, and then to national politics, entering the Senate in 1934 for a six-year term, and being re-elected in 1940 on a split vote. He married in 1919 and has one daughter

THE NEW PRESIDENT, MR. HARRY S. TRUMAN, with his wife and daughter as he took the oath of office. He becomes the thirty-second President of the United States

DISCOVERED DURING THE ADVANCE

INTO HOLLAND AND GERMANY

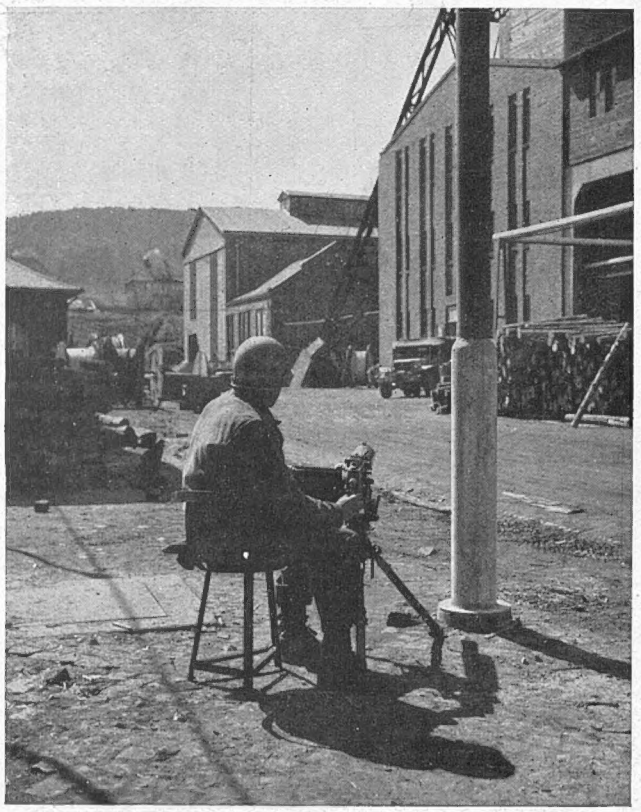
The V-Bomb Site at Zutphen ; the "Eagle's Nest" at Nauheim ; and the Gold Reserve at Gotha

THE DISCOVERY OF A FLYING-BOMB SITE NEAR ZUTPHEN, IN HOLLAND : One of the launching ramps cleverly concealed among the trees. The latter had been cut down and the tops had been wired to the stumps, for better camouflage. The site was quite intact and had never been attacked by the Allied Air Forces. Canadian soldiers are here inspecting the installation

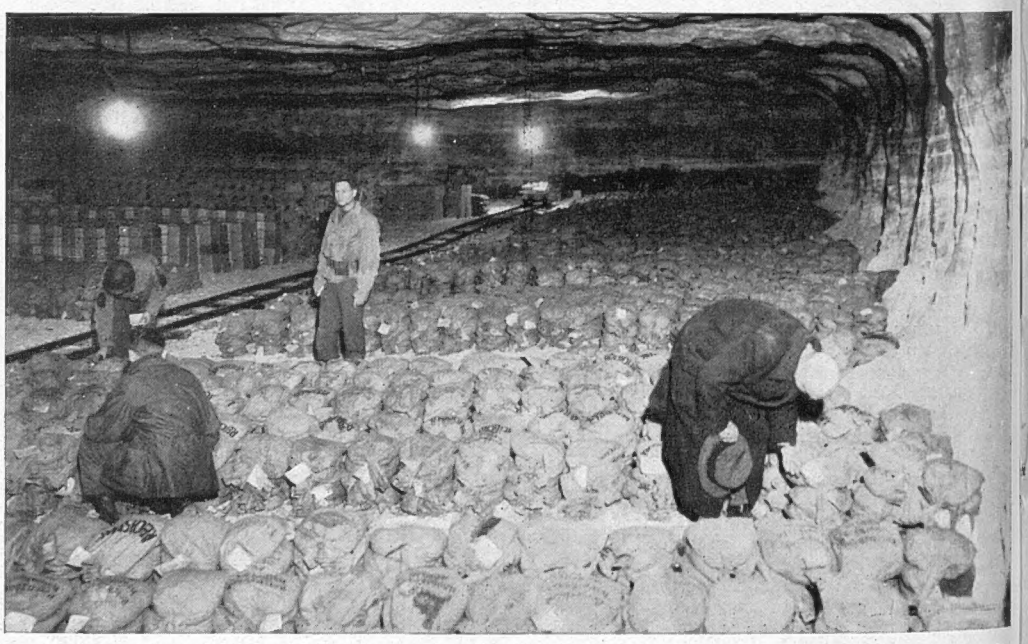
THE SITE AT ZUTPHEN : This picture shows clearly how the ramp had been built between the trees with as little clearance as possible, so as to leave an effective natural camouflage screen. The site was discovered by the Canadians : The first German V 1 site to be captured by the Canadians in their cleaning-up operations in the flying-bomb country was found hidden in a woodland 10 miles north-east of Zutphen, in Holland. It was intact, and had not been attacked by the Allied Air Forces. It is believed that V weapons were launched from here against Belgium, as the ramps were pointing in a south-westerly direction. To camouflage the position the more completely, trees had been shortened, the tops being wired to the stumps —thus preserving the appearance of the forest and giving a clear field for the missiles

ANOTHER VIEW OF THE LONG RAMP, which points towards Belgium. The damage to this installation seen in the picture was wrought by the Germans before they were forced to retreat from the site

MANY OF THE FLYING BOMBS NEVER FLEW : This is the wreckage of a V 1 which crashed only 30 ft. in front of its launching site at Zutphen

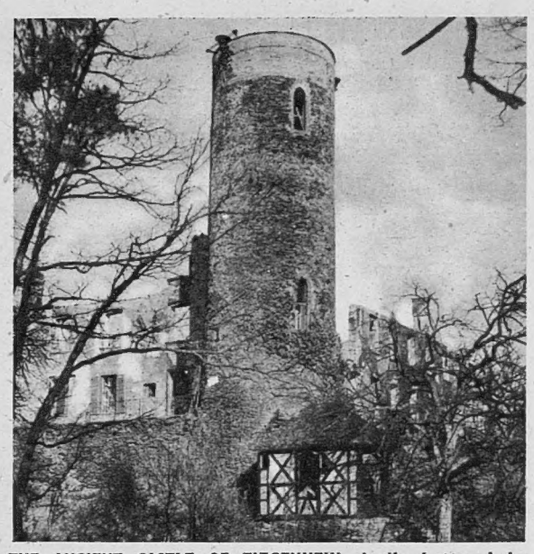


GERMANY'S GOLD RESERVES FOUND IN A SALT-MINE : An American soldier mans a machine-gun guarding the entrance to the Wintershall A.-G. Kaiseroda, the salt-mine near Moeckers, after its capture by the U.S. Third Army



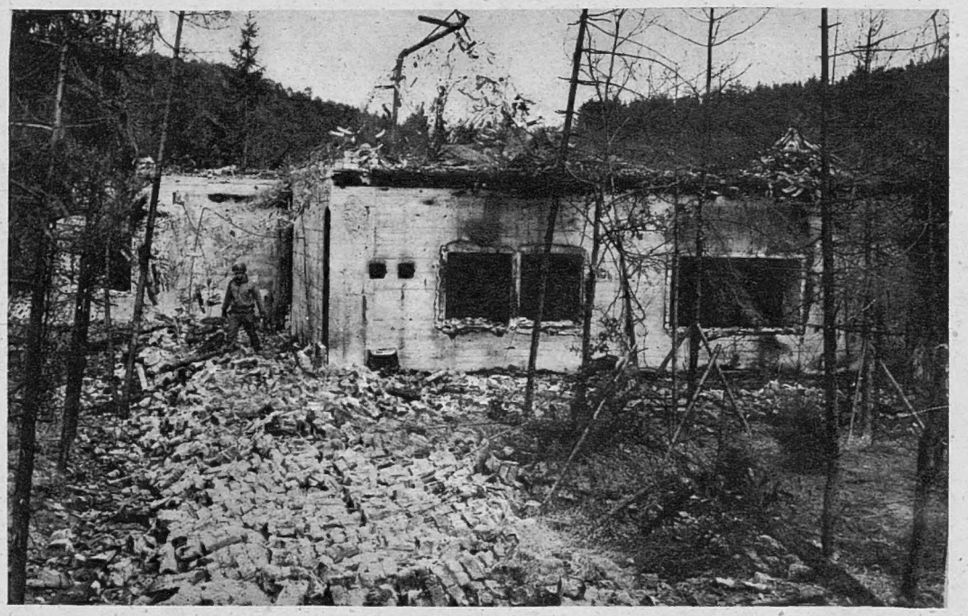
IN ONE OF THE TUNNELS OF THE MINE : It is stacked high with bags of currency ; a Reichsbank official is checking over the hoard with Finance Corps men of the Third Army. One hundred tons of bullion were stored in this spot, amongst other treasures

THE CAPTURE OF THE "EAGLE'S NEST," HITLER'S COMMAND POST IN THE 1940 CAMPAIGN. The effect of heavy camouflaging on the buildings at Bad Nauheim: they appear to be almost buried under shrubbery

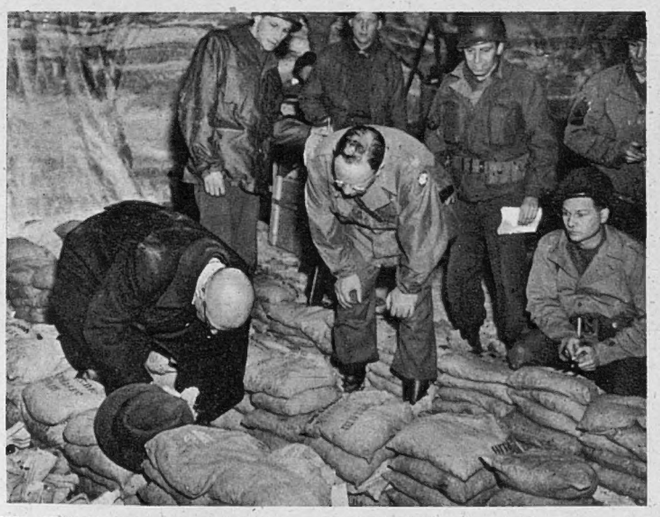


THE ANCIENT CASTLE OF ZIEGENHEIN, badly battered by Allied air attacks. This served as one entrance to the underground passage-ways leading to the "Eagle's Nest." The "Adlerhorst," or "Eagle's Nest," Hitler's former headquarters, located west of Bad Nauheim, was recently captured by the Eightieth Infantry Division of the U.S. Third Army. Completed in 1939, this underground labyrinth served as the Führer's command post during the Nazi onslaught against France and Belgium in 1940, and again as the nerve centre from which Field-Marshal Rundstedt launched his ill-fated Ardennes break-through last December. The headquarters had been damaged by Allied air attacks, and was stripped and burned by the retreating Nazis. The entire structure is honeycombed with miles of under-ground corridors, all air-conditioned, and contained equipment necessary for operating a self-sufficient military headquarters

A WELL-PLACED AND WELL-CAMOUFLAGED FOXHOLE guarding the entrance to the house occupied by Hitler. There was accommodation for 3,000 men

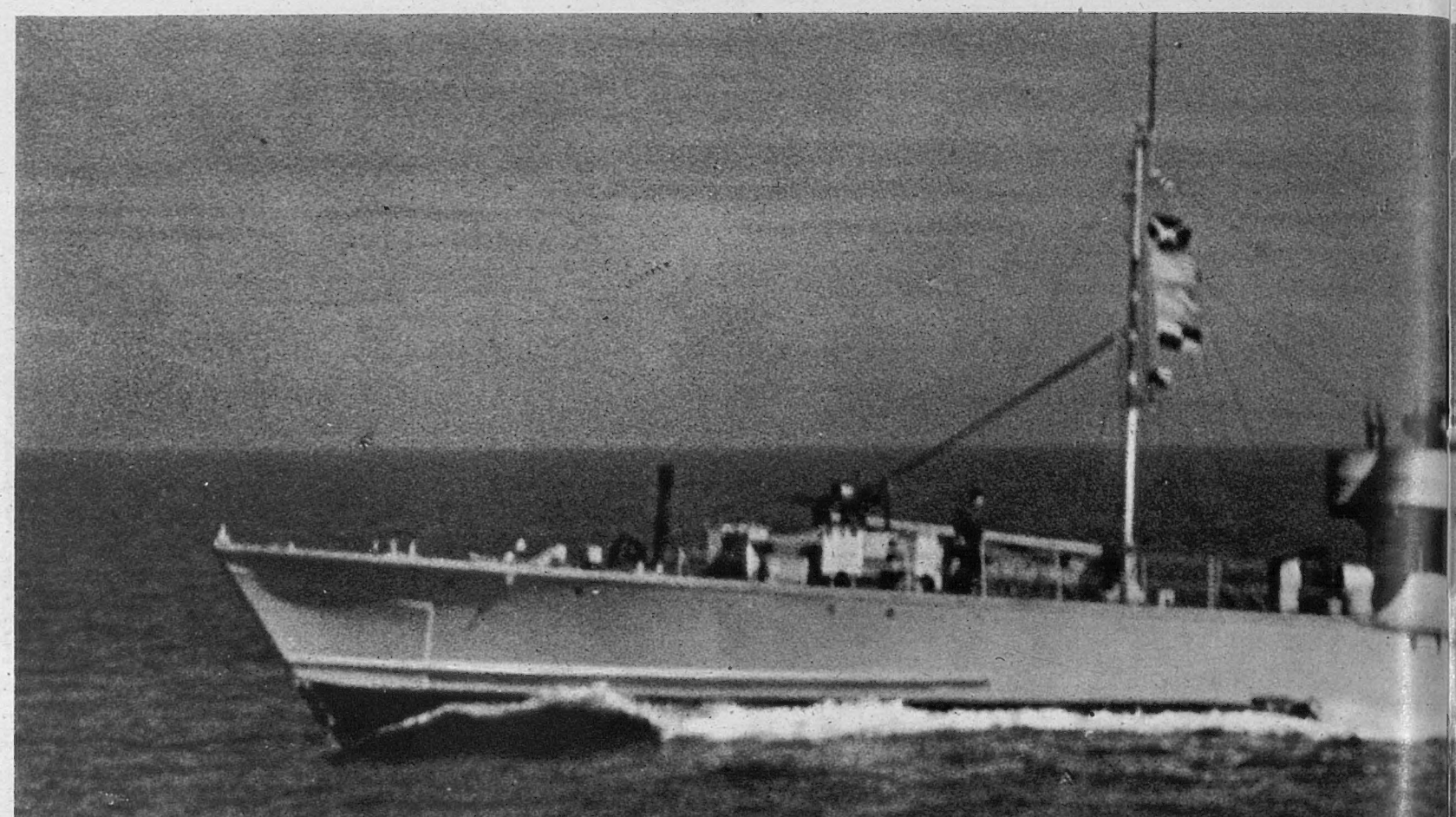


THE WRECKAGE OF HITLER'S PERSONAL HOUSE—a six-roomed, luxuriously-equipped bungalow in which the Führer lived while personally directing operations in France during the 1940 campaign. This was his advanced battle headquarters



THE GERMAN REICHSBANK OFFICIAL, WERNER VIEK, at work in the vaults with American officers checking over the treasure: The German gold reserves are now in Allied hands. They were found by General Patton's Third Army hidden in a salt-mine near Moeckers, south-west of the city of Gotha. It is estimated that 100 tons of gold bullion, of a value of £22,500,000, plus vast amounts of currency and art treasures, had been stored there for safety. Three Reichsbank officials and a curator of the German State Museum were left to guard this great hoard, and they were taken into custody by the Americans. Engineers blew a way into the underground chambers with dynamite; they then found thirty rows of stacked gold bars, packed in grey bags and each containing two bars in two sizes, weighing 20 or 50 lb. each. There appeared to be between 4,000 and 5,000 of them, besides sacks containing other treasure. There were row after row of sacks containing metal and paper currency, both German and foreign. All has now been placed in the custody of the Americans

IN ADDITION TO THE BULLION AND HOARDS OF NOTES found at Moeckers, art treasures from many German art galleries were found lining the corridors of the salt-mine. They had been crated and deposited deep underground for safety



THE RUNNING OF THE BLOCKADE BETWEEN BRITAIN AND THE SWEDISH COAST—A BROADSIDE VIEW OF TH MERCHANT NAVY, on one of her trips from the East Coast to the little Swedish port of Lysekil. Eac

The SWEDISH BLOCKADE RUNNERS

The First Pictures to Show the Type of Vessels Employed

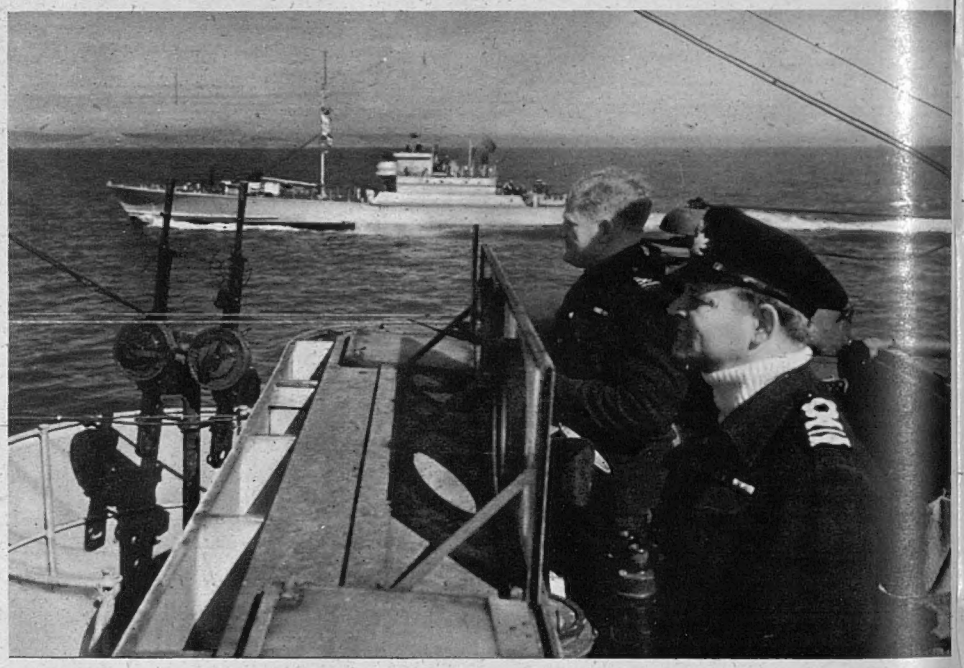
THE SINKING OF THE "ADMIRAL SCHEER"

And the Newest British M.T.Bs.

One of the boldest achievements of the British Merchant Navy has been the maintaining of a service by sea between the East Coast of the United Kingdom and the small Swedish port of Lysekil. After more than two years, secrets of Britain's blockade-runners are revealed in the two photographs given on these pages.

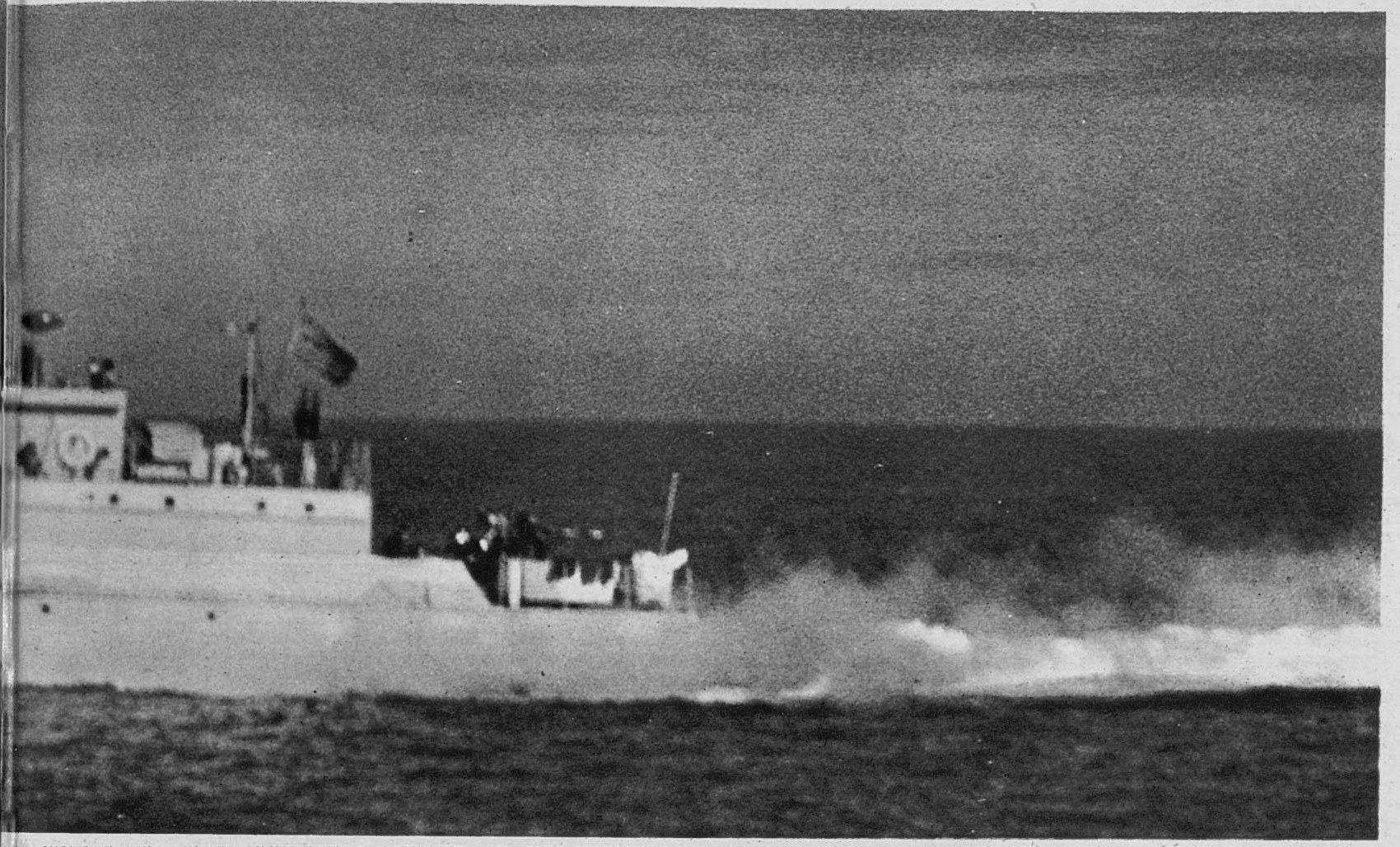
The service has been maintained by a fleet of small vessels, with powerful Diesel engines which give them a very high turn of speed. They are defensively armed as merchantmen, and carry Oerlikon guns to protect them from air attack. Small enough to be inconspicuous and easily manœuvrable, they are designed to carry a large quantity of cargo in relation to their size. Each ship carries a crew of about twenty—volunteers trained to meet the hazards and rigours of the blockade-running service. Their average age is only twenty-five.

Each running of the blockade involves the dangerous sea passage through the Skagerrak and part of the Kattegat, between the enemy-occupied countries of Norway and Denmark. Many useful cargoes and valuable passengers have been safely transported by the blockade-runners. Most members of the crews come from Hull, and many have been decorated. These pictures were taken aboard the blockade-running vessel *Nonsuch*, commanded by Captain D. Stokes, O.B.E.



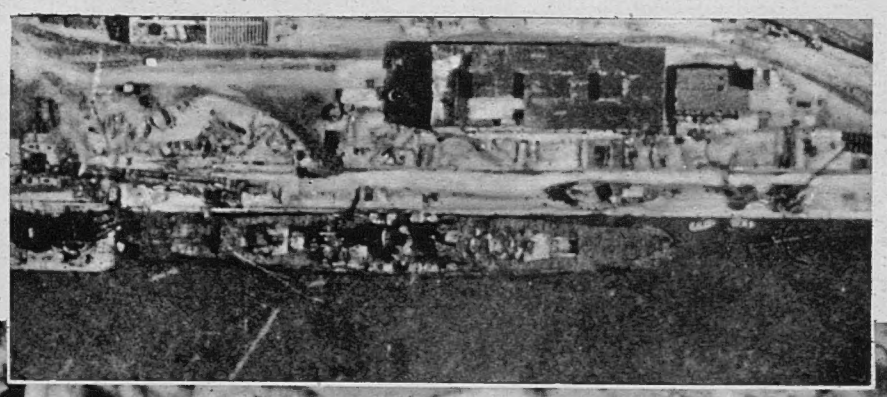
THE COMMODORE OF THE BLOCKADE-RUNNING FLOTILLA: his name cannot be revealed. He is here seen on the bridge of the "Nonsuch": on his right is the Skipper, Captain D. Stokes, O.B.E., of Hull. To starboard is the "Hopewell"

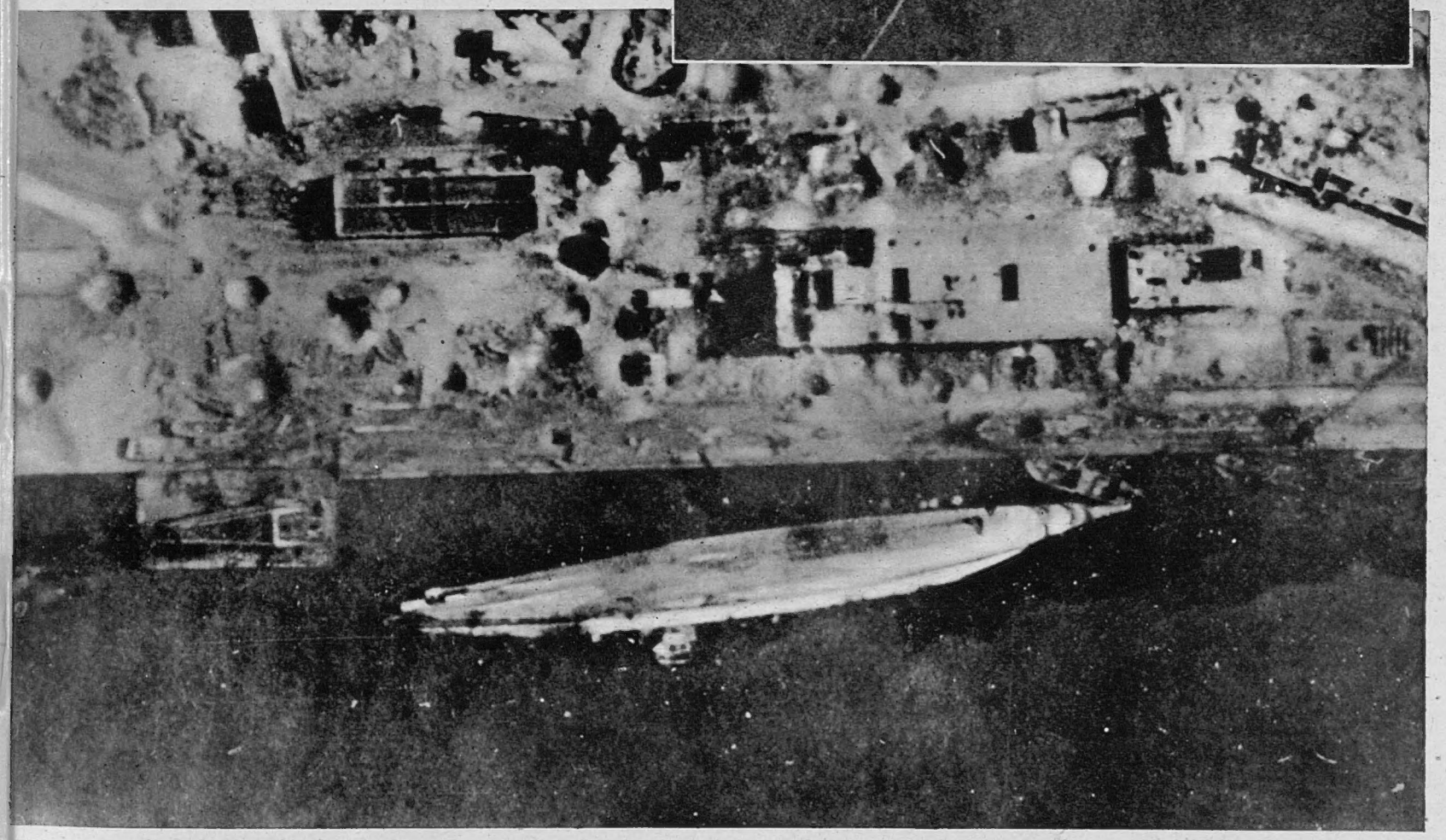
***On left*—ONE OF THE FIRST LORD'S "DASHING COMPANY"—the first picture to show the new-type M.T.B. which took part in "the fiercest and closest-fought battle" carried out by light coastal forces of the Royal Navy a few days ago:** During the week-end of April 7-9 a fierce and close-fought battle took place between the East Coast and the liberated Allied ports in Belgium and Holland, in which our light coastal forces routed the enemy's E-boats. When introducing the Naval Estimates in the House of Commons recently, the First Lord described the crews of these vessels as "that dashing company," in which nine out of every ten officers and men were civilians before the war. He further added that the proportion of continuous-service ratings in Coastal Forces was being increased in order to preserve wartime experience for peace. This photograph—the latest to be taken—shows a motor torpedo-boat of the 71-ft. 6-in. type, at speed in heavy weather



BLOCKADE-RUNNING VESSEL "HOPEWELL," OPERATED BY THE BRITISH of these vessels carries a crew of about twenty men

THE SINKING OF THE "ADMIRAL SCHEER": On Monday night, April 9, 600 R.A.F. bombers carried out a night attack on Kiel. Two days before, reconnaissance photographs had disclosed that the *Admiral Scheer* had arrived there from Gdynia owing to the threat of the Russian advance, and had berthed in the Inner Dockyard. She now lies upside down there. Although the Air Ministry communique issued after the raid did not mention that the pocket battleship had been hit, many crews reported a violent explosion. Reconnaissance has now revealed that she is in the same position as the *Tirpitz*—capsized. She appears to have been sunk by ordinary bombs, and less than a fortnight after she was chased out of Gdynia harbour. The *Admiral Scheer* was a sister-ship of the *Graf von Spee*, scuttled in December 1939 off the River Plate





THE "ADMIRAL SCHEER" IS CAPSIZED AT KIEL: AFTER THE NIGHT ATTACK BY R.A.F. BOMBER COMMAND ON APRIL 9, the German pocket battleship is now lying upside down in the Inner Dockyard, in much the same position as the "Tirpitz" in Tromso Fjord. The inset picture above shows the vessel before the attack, and the lower picture shows her present condition. She had only recently been transferred from the Polish port of Gdynia owing to the rapid advance of the Russians

EIGHTY YEARS of the GERMAN OCTOPUS

Prussia's Bid for World Domination from the Time of Bismarck

By FERDINAND TUOHY

THE year is 1863 and King William of Prussia has not yet finally acquiesced in Bismarck's carefully staggered programme of aggression. Even as William had quenched a movement to make him German Emperor in 1849, so now he still hesitates to risk his kingdom by further inflicting it upon others. "The Hohenzollerns haven't done so badly since they were known as 'the robber barons of Nüremberg,'" may have reminded portraits in Berlin's Schloss.

Indeed, they had not, as anyone will agree who studies a coloured map showing the acquisitions made by this family since it ruled over the insignificant Mark of Brandenburg in the fifteenth century. It is said that our latest generation badly needs "background." Well, here is some to go on with. The Lord forbid that I should wax righteous over this acquisition business. Nearly all the whites have done it, either at each other's expense or at that of coloured peoples climatically handicapped from defending themselves. It is at the root of the ill to-day, not least through the camouflage covering things. It led Hitler into demanding: "Why shouldn't we do the same thing?" Whereupon, in bull-like, murderous manner, he did something never seen before. Yet the ultimate expression of insensate grab which he embodied was the inevitable outcome of the long-drawn-out process depicted on this map.

There were lengthy periods, particularly early on, when the expansion was scarcely visible; but from the Peace of Westphalia in 1648 the Hohenzollern, or Prussian, spreading became a regular feature on the European landscape. The Baltic lands, Pomerania, Poland, Silesia, Westphalia, Hesse-Nassau, the Rhineland—progressively, each was made to feed Prussia's appetite. Alone, the Congress of Vienna doubled Prussia's population—from four to ten millions—and this prompts the reminder that foreign nations, by playing football with the German States to suit their own policies, rendered easier the growth of Prussian power.

By the early '60's, then, Prussia was already being regarded as a first-class Power and was in an active state of development mainly by reason of Berlin's admirable position as a hub for the newly-laid railways. Yet Berlin was still little more than a big provincial city of about 600,000 inhabitants, few of whom can have been sufficiently conscious, politically speaking, to note what Bismarck had been doing by way of preparation for aggression. It was essential that he should first eliminate the three principal forces which had imposed the settlement of 1815.

So Russia was bought off, partly by support of Tsarist oppression in Poland, partly by Bismarck appearing to consent to Muscovy's Balkan schemes. With England, the royal tie could be played with; just emphasise the family friendship on a wider basis, since the English were totally taken up with raking in wealth and had turned their backs on the Continent. That left Austria isolated and the stage set.

The return of British troops to the former kingdom of Hanover offers a unique occasion to get it fixed in our minds that the Nazi bid for world domination would probably have eventually succeeded, had Hitler crossed to England in 1940, Spitfires or no Spitfires; that this bid began eighty years ago in the North German plain, with the seizure of Sleswig from the Danes, to be followed two years later by the forcible annexation of Hanover. This latter seizure enabled Prussia to have through communication with the Ruhr, which had been associated with Hohenzollern rule since the seventeenth century.

Inside of eighty years and in five moves, each greater than its predecessor, the Prussians swelled ever more monstrously. After first throttling Denmark, they whipped Austria and broke up the German Federation to their own profit, from Frankfort-on-Main up to Lubeck and beyond. Next they downed France and, seizing Alsace-Lorraine, made sure of both banks of the Rhine. After that, Bismarck had sufficient for the time being, but William II would not be satisfied with qualified colonial expansion and there followed 1914, aimed primarily at Britain, and which brought the Germans to Ostend and the gates of Paris, to Belgrade, Bucharest, Warsaw and Riga. No real effort was made in 1919 to unloose South and West Germany from Prussian mastery, and the fact is worth mentioning, since already there is a school developing which chants anew that Germany must be left as an entity, that it is invoking more blood and disaster to disengage some of the Prussian tentacles. If pursued, this attitude will generate the same old suspicion that we are playing at balance of power, and, the Continent having no mood for this, is likely to proceed on its own sweet way in regard to Germany and other things. But to return to 1919 and after.

Long before the occupying armies had withdrawn, South and West Germany were again swelling the Prussian power, and any drawing attention to the fact drew comments about "Kicking Germany when she's down" and "You can't hold a great nation under"—the latter chiefly on behalf of interests anxious to make money again with a strong and virile Reich. Anyway, Saxony was the first to be re-absorbed and Prussia was still absorbing as late as 1929 (little Waldeck). Berlin's official answer to charges of undue pressure would be that "Prussian boundaries are subject to change from the inclusion of the adjacent Free States as these signify their desire for incorporation." What really transpired was a state of constant friction between the Weimar Reich or Republic and the still greatest German State within it. The position was not dissimilar from that obtaining after 1848 (revolution year), when a Finchley resident named Karl Marx wrote: "Unless radicals unite Germany by revolutionary means, Bismarck will unite it by reactionary Junker means." At one time Weimar seriously debated whether Prussia should be split into several smaller States, as a means of stemming its continuous encroachment. But nothing was done about it, and then Weimar was swamped by the Nazis. One Reich, One People, One Leader. All that Frederick William I and Frederick the Great ever dreamt of, was done. Prussia had bound all the satellite States into one terrific striking mass, and if 'tis objected that an Austrian did it, his bosses were the Junkers of Berlin's Herrenklub and their fawning industrialist servitors.

Followed, as the night the day, the full flood of 1942: nearly to Baku, nearly to Moscow, to the North Cape, to Brest, Tunis and Mersa Matruh. Short of bringing off world conquest, it is unlikely that ever again will a people swell so monstrously as happened in that year. 1942 also marked the apogee of Berlin, and is a solemn warning to us not to let Prussia again become the centre of the German system after this war, as it so speedily contrived to re-become after the last. Nor is it enough to dismiss the matter with a blithe: "The whole place is in ruins—what can they do for decades?" They can wait determinedly, as Prussians know how. What a nitwitted performance to presume to assess Germans, or Germans of a quite close day, by what war correspondents find along the roads these present times!

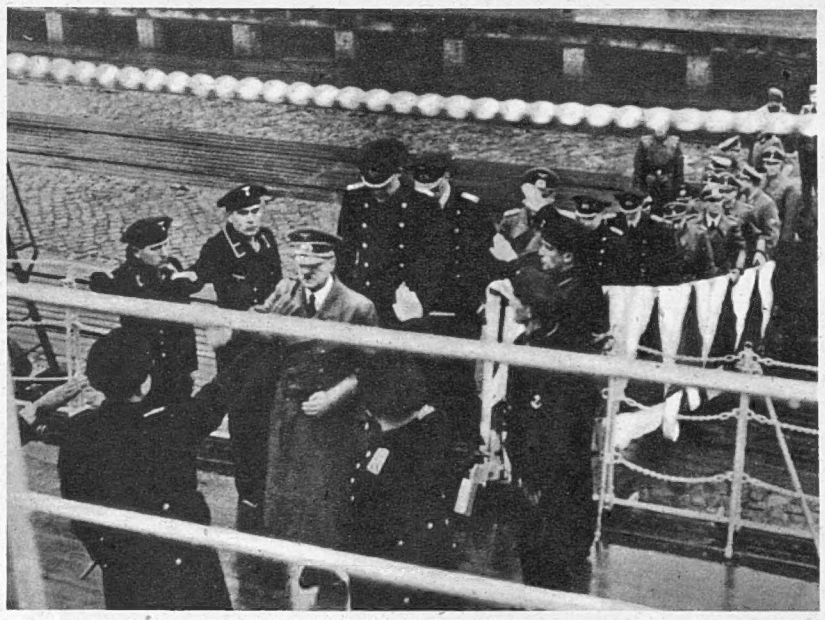
By the midway of this war Berlin had increased almost sixfold from where we left it in the '60's. Not numbers, though, but how they were for the most part employed, gave the true picture of that Berlin-that-was, head of the Hun octopus, for all the play that Hitler made with Nüremberg as parade-ground, and with Munich as "cultural capital." In 1942, before the big raids set in, one-ninth of the entire population was composed of Civil Servants or State employees of some sort, under the Nazi Party, the Wehrmacht and the civil authority; and a further three-ninths were employed in war industry. Such is the Berlin fashioned overwhelmingly for making war on all and sundry, which we need to keep in mind when there comes talk of rebuilding it. ("After all, they must have a capital!")

In unheard-of Jack-and-the-Beanstalk style, Berlin shot up over a period of eighty years, to become the biggest bane and curse that any city in history has ever been.

I fail to see why one should think at all in terms of another German capital, and if there is one city which should not be replaced in anything like its old form, the name cries aloud. The principal reason Berlin breathed barracks and bullying, harsh, impudent domineering, lay in the fact of its having only twice known the opposite of immunity: once in the Thirty Years War, and again when Murat outdid Göring in costuming beneath the Brandenburg Gate. And there was nothing like the suffering on the latter occasion, that Berliners—yes, predominantly Berliners—inflicted in the past few years on scores of foreign cities.

If Prussia was Germany, Berlin was Prussia, and I am in illustrious company with that remark, for William the First observed so to Bismarck. That being so, the notion might be kept by one, to shift the governance of Prussia back to some place like Brandenburg, which the Hohenzollerns left because they weren't having it all their own way there. In Berlin, during fourscore years, was conceived the uttermost expression of robbery by violence, and the ruins stink of it. If some cannot steel themselves to hoof it over the beaten and down, whatever those beaten ones may have perpetrated, at least they can insist upon a long-term technical and administrative plan to prevent the currently squashed Prussian octopus from breathing back to life, which can only bring death to others.

IN THE DAYS OF THEIR GLORY . . . .



WHEN HITLER VISITED THE NOW-VANISHED "TIRPITZ": Followed by acres of gold braid, Hitler is seen coming aboard the German 35,000-ton battleship *Tirpitz* some time before the R.A.F. block-busters sent the powerful vessel to the bottom of Tromso Fjord in Norway with a probable loss of 1,200 members of her crew. This picture was presented to a U.S. Coastguardsman by a German sailor who was a member of the crew aboard the *Tirpitz* at the time, and who was captured during the Normandy invasion. The coastguardsman, who was a gunner's mate on an L.S.T., gave the German captive a cigarette and the German reciprocated by giving him some snapshots, of which this was one

WHEN THE JAPANESE PREMIER VISITED THE OCCUPIED CITY OF MANILA: This picture, one of a series taken from the files of a Manila newspaper before the Japs had a chance to destroy them, shows the then Japanese Premier Tojo and his staff upon their arrival at Manila airport on May 5, 1943, after the Japs had established a military government in the Philippines. Tojo is seen saluting the Jap guard of honour, while at his right walks General Waji, Director-General of the new Japanese Government of Occupation. It is reported that Admiral Suzuki, the Premier designate, has now included General Tojo in his new Cabinet

THE FALL OF FORT DUFFERIN, THE LAST REMAINING JAP STRONGHOLD IN MANDALAY. The air strike which preceded its fall, when aircraft made great breaches in its phenomenally thick walls

A NEW LANDING IN THE ARAKAN—AT LETPAN : Some of the Combined Chiefs of Staff on the bridge of the motor-launch which took them to the beachhead

It was announced on April 4 from Burma that, following a landing made at Letpan, patrols of Lieut.-General Sir Philip Christison's 15th Indian Corps had entered Jaunggup. This picture was taken when the Combined Chiefs of Staff visited the scene. On the bridge of the motor launch are—on left, Air Commodore the Earl of Bandon, commanding an R.A.F. group on the Arakan front; in centre, Lieut.-General F. A. M. Browning, Chief of Staff in South-East Asia; and Lieut.-General A. P. F. Christison, Commander of the 15th Indian Corps

PICTURES from BURMA

After the Capture of the Bitterly-defended City of Mandalay

BRITISH RIFLEMEN GUARDING THE SLOPES OF MANDALAY HILL as the battle for the city raged around Fort Dufferin lying below : It was announced on March 8 that, as a result of a dramatic surprise thrust by a strong armoured column, British and Indian troops of the 19th "Dagger" Division had fought their way into the city of Mandalay. Twelve days later, Fort Dufferin, last remaining stronghold of the Japanese, fell into British hands. The Fort is a square, with sides a mile long, right in the heart of Mandalay. It is surrounded by a 30-ft. rampart of enormous strength, and a moat 70 yards wide

IN LIBERATED MANDALAY : Released from her internment in St. John's Leper Asylum, Sister Philomena (a native of Hanley, Staffordshire) is relating her experiences to Lieut.-Colonel F. W. Smedden, of the 52nd Indian Field Ambulance. **On the right,** Father Chier (from Calais) has his first smoke of English tobacco since 1942: Father Mandin (from La Vendee) eagerly reads an Army newspaper

THE SUPREME COMMANDER VISITS MANDALAY : This picture was taken on March 21, the day after its liberation, when Admiral Lord Louis Mountbatten visited the newly-captured city and congratulated the men of the 33rd Corps, who had taken it. Here Lord Louis is inspecting the result of a 2,000-lb. bomb dropped by the R.A.F. on the perimeter wall of Fort Dufferin. On the left is Major-General T. W. Rees, Commander of the 19th Indian Division

THE GATE LEADING INTO FORT DUFFERIN after its capture by the "Dagger" Division. Owing to its tremendous strength, this great stronghold of the Japs withstood the Allied assault for thirteen days

SOME of the NASTY TRICKS of the HUNS

What the Allied Armies are Discovering at First Hand of the Psychology of an Unpleasant People

THE PERSECUTION OF SUBJECT PEOPLES: THE BRANDING OF JEWISH SLAVE-WORKERS IN A FORCED-LABOUR CAMP. These girls were Jewish slave workers forced into a Labour Camp at Kaunitz, in Germany; they have now been liberated by the U.S. Ninth Army. The women were impressed into a German munition factory, after having been deported from Italy, France, Holland, Belgium, Poland, Czechoslovakia, etc. Each has a yellow cross on her back, and every one of them, even the children, has been tattooed on the left arm with their numbers. The yellow cross was just dabbed on with a paint-brush by the Germans, but the tattooing is not removable. Some of the girls were less than twelve years of age, but all were forced to do a minimum of twelve hours a day

HUNGARIAN ALLIES OF THE GERMANS, WHO TOOK THEIR WOMEN WITH THEM TO WAR: These Hungarian soldiers were captured in the town of Geseke: they said that they were being used to build an airport for the Germans near by—but all are being held as prisoners of war. Many of them had their "wives" with them—some of the latter are seen in the above pictures. In reality, the women have been described as "camp followers": when the soldiers were taken, the women asked to go along with their men

GERMAN SABOTEURS AT WORK: TWO ENGINES LIE OVERTURNED IN A FIELD, after having been derailed by civilians trying to impede the advance of the U.S. Seventh Army In this respect, the civilians are carrying out the broadcast orders of their Nazi warlords

PUBLIC HANGINGS TO COMPEL THE NAZIS TO FIGHT: IN A SIDE-STREET IN ASCHAFFENBURG, men of the U.S. Seventh Army look at a German soldier who had been hanged in public. Nazi fanatics are using the threat of public hanging to compel German soldiers and civilians to continue the fight. In Aschaffenburg, two such executions took place. One was the case of a Lieutenant who wanted to surrender to the U.S. Seventh Army. The Major in charge of the defenders of the city sentenced the Lieutenant to be hanged in a little side-street. After the execution a notice was posted at the scene, which read: "Cowards and traitors are hanged. Yesterday, an officer candidate from Alsace Lorraine died a hero's death while destroying an enemy tank! He lives on! To-day, a coward in officer's uniform is hanged because he betrayed the Führer and the people. . . . He is dead for ever."

AMERICAN TROOPS LOOK ON AS A BULLDOZER CLEARS AWAY THE WRECKAGE OF A GERMAN TRAIN blocking the road at Erbach: Hoping to impede the Allies' swift advance across Germany, Nazi saboteurs blocked a roadway which was being used by American transport at Erbach. The saboteurs steamed up railway engines at the west end of the railway and let them run under full steam, heading for a wrecked bridge over the roadway. The engine and carriages toppled into the demolished bridge and crashed on to the roadway beneath—but not for long, as American clearance parties soon hacked a way through the wreckage with their powerful bulldozers

RUSSIAN SLAVE-WORKERS TRAPPED IN A BURNING CELLAR AFTER IT HAD BEEN SET ON FIRE BY A GERMAN POLICEMAN: Russian slave-workers, liberated by the British from a camp near Osnabruck, were in the act of recovering clothing from the basement of a store in the town. A German policeman, allowed by the Military Government to continue his duties, discovered them in the act, and, waiting until a considerable number had descended into the basement, set fire to it. Many of the Russians were trapped below and overcome by smoke and fumes from the burning clothing. The British Army photographer who took these pictures, being first on the scene, immediately despatched his driver for military assistance. Despite the efforts made to save them, two Russian women collapsed and died

THE SCENE IN OSNABRUCK as Allied soldiers brought out the Russian women after their lives had been endangered by the treachery of a German policeman

GERMAN ACCUSES GERMAN: A WOMAN EXPOSES A NAZI TO THEIR AMERICAN CONQUERORS. As units of the American First Army forged their way deeper into Germany, all sorts of distasteful little dramas were enacted. Here is one. In one of the narrow side-streets of a newly-conquered town, as an American soldier walked up the roadway, a German woman rushed up to him and accused a bystander, who she declared had told her that he was going to cause the Allies great trouble after they had captured the town. Frantically the German woman exposed her brother-German, at the same time pointing an accusing finger at him. Some of these distasteful denunciations may be genuine; but some are probably the result of personal spite and dislike. They are a most unpleasant manifestation of the German temperament

LOOTING CIVILIAN HOUSES IN RHEINE: AN A.M.G. OFFICER, WITH THE AID OF MILITARY POLICE, CONFISCATES LOOT FROM PRIVATE RESIDENCES. In the captured German town of Rheine, one of the big problems of the Military Government is to prevent German civilians from robbing the shops and houses of their neighbours. Military Government officers and men are touring the town in trucks stopping them, and in some cases arresting them for trial in the Military Courts. Also in the town is a building which was used as a billet for Forced Labour from occupied countries. One of the first jobs of the Allies was to safeguard all documents and papers left here

GERMAN CIVILIANS LOOT THEIR OWN SHOPS—IN THE TOWN OF RHEINE, AFTER ITS CAPTURE ON APRIL 3, this is how many of them were left

Disorganisation and lack of police control appear to be so complete in German towns and cities in the path of the Allied advance that, as soon as the towns are occupied, the civilian population begin to loot their own shops and stores. Scenes similar to the above have been witnessed in many widely-separated parts: so that it would seem that looting has become a part of the German method—the moment that restraint is lifted. But looting is not the only disagreeable Nazi trait witnessed by our men. The pictures on these pages depict other aspects of the national temperament, all of which appear abhorrent to the average British and American soldier now advancing through the Reich

DIGGING COAL FROM A YARD IN DEHRN, IN THE FIRST ARMY'S SECTOR: Before the German Army retreated, coal had been rationed amongst the civilians

On right—
THE ROYAL NAVY ON THE RHINE: Special craft patrolling the river during the crucial period of the crossings
—Drawing by Wm. McDowell

Naval units, in small craft, played an important part in the crossing of the Rhine by the Army. They maintained a constant patrol, in case the Germans sent floating mines downstream, and assisted the engineers by laying out the special anchors required to hold the pontoon bridges in the river current.

The drawing reproduced here shows them at work, while vehicles cross one of the bridges. On the left, an American anti-aircraft gun is beating off German bombers seeking to destroy it; while two signallers in the foreground are transmitting orders from H.Q. on a portable radio set

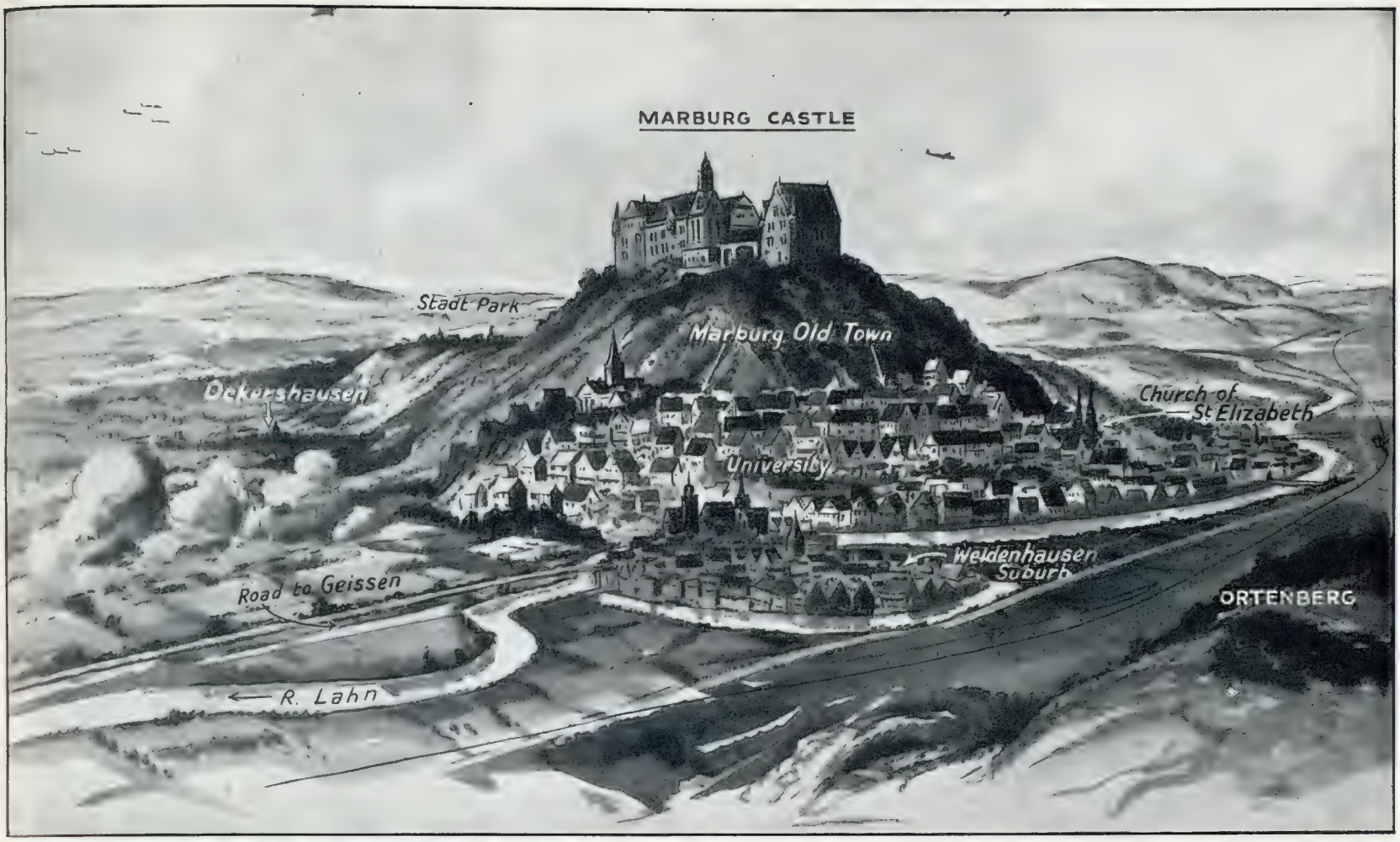
THE NAVY ON THE RHINE

The "Build-up" Behind the River; and Two Lines of Advance into the Heart of Germany

THE PREPARATORY WORK BEFORE THE GREAT CROSSINGS: Pontoons stacked in a huge dump ready for transference to the Rhine for the bridge-building operations. The "build-up" before the attack by the Allied Armies was the biggest-ever on the West Front

A VIEW FROM THE AIR of the great engineering dump established on the banks of the River Maas. From here the bridging materials were taken for the Rhine crossings. An endless stream of lorries transported the materials as required

On left and above—**THE RAILWAY BRIDGE WHICH WAS BUILT IN TEN DAYS:** The first permanent bridge over the Rhine was planned fifteen months ago in England. It was intended to take a fortnight to build, but the work was completed on Sunday, April 8, within ten days. The metal girders were made in Luxembourg, and the wooden piles came from German forests



THE ALLIED ADVANCE UP THE LAHN RIVER DURING THE THRUST TOWARDS CASSEL: Through Geissen the way led on to Marburg, a noted German university town which is crowned with a picturesquely-placed château—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

The Allied thrust towards Cassel took the advancing forces along a main highway route from Frankfurt in a north-easterly direction. The armoured columns largely kept to the region of the valley of the Lahn. On this tributary of the Rhine lie Limburg, Geissen and Marburg. Away to the east are the heights of the Hessian Hills. Correspondents describe how the columns flooded into the broad Geissen Plain and how the important industrial town itself was secured. Hardly any pause seems to have been made here. The road northwards led on towards Marburg, watered by the Lahn. Soon the hill at the back of this historic university town was discerned rising up conspicuously from the lower ground alongside the river. The castle on this hill is one of the most picturesquely-placed châteaux in Northern Germany: the town park occupies a small plateau immediately behind it. The houses of the old town seem to cling to one another on the steeply-sloping roads; the university buildings are lower down, near the Lahn. Large numbers of German troops surrendered here. Beyond Marburg the way deeper into Germany led to Cassel and the Fulda Valley

THE ALLIED PROGRESS ALONG THE RIVER NECKAR: The scene above the famous town of Heidelberg, captured by the Americans, where the newly-established Nazi "werewolves" were first encountered by the Allied forces—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

Another famous river was reached at the spot where the Rhine receives a tributary in the shape of the Neckar, known to thousands by reason of its connection with Heidelberg and, more particularly, with that city's university. The tide of the Allied advance, pushing eastwards along the valley of the Neckar, reached the city of Heidelberg by way of the semi-ruined castle which backs on to the dark masses of the Odenwald. There was some little difficulty in fighting a way into the centre of the city; the Germans reported "werewolf" activity in the streets. The River Neckar flows eastwards past Hirchborn until Eberbach is reached; at this point its course runs due north and south. The high ground is all on the right bank. Highways split off to Heilbronn and Stuttgart and Wurzburg Whatever sentiment attached to "Old Heidelberg" was dissipated by the Nazis themselves, who, very early in the course of their regime, determined to destroy the old learning of the university and to institute the teaching of the New Order. To this end, books from the university library were publicly and solemnly burnt before a crowd of spectators, which included former professors

WITH THE GUARDS IN THEIR GREAT DASH ACROSS GERMANY: A double line of British transport streaming through Lingen after its capture by the Guards Armoured Division. On the left flank of the British Second Army, the Guards Armoured Division, supported by the Third Infantry Division, battered their way forward to Lingen, to get across the Ems River and the Dortmund-Ems Canal after a very hard fight by a Brigade of the Third Division to gain the town. After it had been cleared on April 7, the Guards advanced ten miles east of Lingen against determined opposition from German paratroops

The ADVANCE of the ARMOURED DIVISIONS

In which the Guards Have Played a Very Great Part

Within a week of the crossing of the Rhine, three British armoured divisions and at least two armoured brigades—all with infantry support—were moving steadily into the North German Plain. One of them was the Guards Armoured Division, which swept through Munster, on the road to Hanover, and other historic towns in the very heart of the Reich. At one time the rate of advance was phenomenal, as much as 15 miles in 24 hours for days on end. After the armoured spearheads come the columns of transport, sweeping forward in a double line and bringing up the ammunition and supplies needed by the tanks and infantry ahead. On one occasion the Guards Division went on for three days and nights without sleep—a tremendous strain on fighting men in the very van of the battle. Working with the Guards Independent Armoured Brigade are American paratroopers of the 17th Armoured Division, who ride into action clinging on to the sides of the tanks

THE GUARDS ARMOURED DIVISION DURING THEIR RAPID ADVANCE ON THE LEFT FLANK OF THE BRITISH ARMY. The scene as the armoured spearhead came to a temporary halt after three days and nights of advance into the heart of the Reich—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker* (see *note at left*)

THE SIXTH GUARDS BRIGADE ADVANCE THROUGH DULMEN : On March 30 the British advance continued through this German town ; it had been held up by large bomb-craters caused by the R.A.F. These were, however, filled in by bulldozers whilst the tank crews rested and lunched after their rapid stride forward from the Rhine

On left—**" THE DREAM OF ALL TANK-MEN "—GENERAL PATTON'S TANKS SWEEPING FORWARD IN A SOLID MASS, 150 on one road alone**—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

Observers at the front have reported on the manner in which General Patton handles his armour in battle. " No sooner was Coblenz in his hands," writes one, " than he struck simultaneously all round the salient, pushing his armour boldly across the Moselle, 60 miles in rear of the German front on the Saar. That was what made the German situation so desperate. The American armour was not driving deeply through a wide defensive zone in order to reach the German rear : it was already in their rear, careering through rear installations and amongst bewildered administrative units, cutting communications and overrunning headquarters without waiting for infantry to catch them. A dream of all tank force men had come true." Another report has described a force of 150 of General Patton's tanks hurtling forward in one solid mass in the manner depicted in the drawing reproduced here. The stream was apparently unending. With their supply echelon, they occupied a 10-mile stretch of the countryside. And there were similar columns moving along dozens of other routes

From the PACIFIC WAR ZONE

Where the Americans are Fighting for the Surf-ringed Islands Leading to the Jap Mainland

—With a Special Sphere Drawing

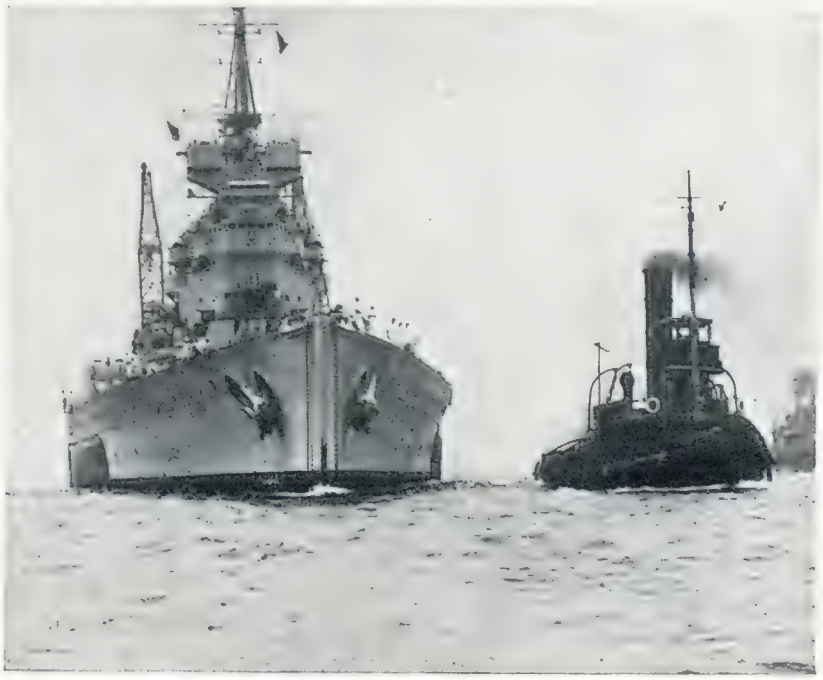
A HAZARDOUS NAVAL OPERATION IN THE CHINA SEA : Heavy seas foam over the bow of the destroyer as she stands by an aircraft-carrier and takes on a supply of fuel oil and fresh water. Outside of actual combat, this is one of the most hazardous of operations at sea, owing to the danger of collision between the two ships. The swell can be exceptionally heavy at moments in the China Sea and Pacific, as this photograph demonstrates convincingly

Below — **AFTER THE BATTLE FOR THE POSSESSION OF IWO-JIMA :** The scene on the stretch of beach where the U.S. Marines went ashore after the tide of war had swept by. The vehicles and landing craft seen in this picture are now gradually sinking into the sand and volcanic ash : some of them were hit, but others were "bogged down" as they came ashore and became wrecked even before they had entered the fight. On the beach are the tents and cavern-homes of the American army of occupation, sandbagged with bales of supplies. Iwo-Jima is now being converted into a base for further U.S. operations

THE TECHNIQUE OF INVASION AS APPLIED TO THE PACIFIC BATTLE-ZONE: AN AMERICAN LANDING ON A JAPANESE ISLAND. Bringing in supplies by landing craft through the heavy surf and under hostile air attack—conditions which have frequently been experienced by our Allies during their progress, island by island, to the Japanese homeland. Weather has played a great part in the Pacific operations, especially when the actual landing is in progress: most of the Pacific islands are ringed with a fringe of surf, and this is an additional hazard which has been responsible for large numbers of casualties among the landing craft. The American equipment for their amphibious warfare against the Japs has never been equalled in military history up to date

—Drawing by Montague Dawson

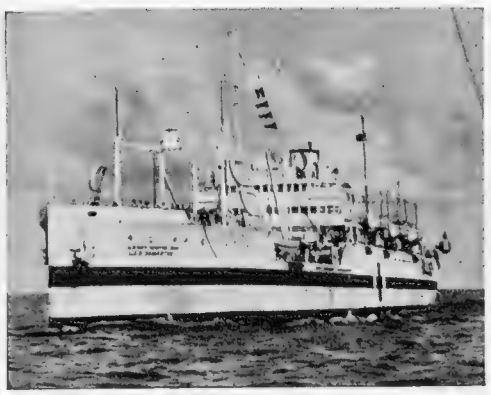
AMERICAN: A big aircraft-carrier rests between war missions in a Pacific harbour. On her deck are ranged rows of Avenger aircraft with folded wings. It is these sea-borne planes which are wreaking such havoc amongst the vessels of the Japanese Fleet in the Pacific



BRITISH: The flagship of the British Pacific Fleet, H.M.S. "Howe," is escorted by tugs into Sydney Harbour. This picture was taken whilst the Fleet was being assembled in Australian waters to operate against the Japs in association with the Americans

Okinawa is the largest of the islands of the Ryukyu group, which stretch, like stepping-stones, from Formosa to the Japanese mainland. It is 67 miles long, with a much-indented coast, cutting deeply into the land, which is seldom more than 10 miles wide. The Japanese kept a garrison of about 80,000 men on the island, which possessed many small towns and villages and a population of about 435,000.

The American marines and troops of the Tenth Army landed on Okinawa on April 1. After a heavy bombardment from both sea and air by the guns of the huge fleet, with fifteen battleships, attendant cruisers and destroyers, and by the carrier-borne planes, Admiral Spruance, in command of the Fifth United States Pacific Fleet, gave a final message to his forces, saying "Our final decisive victory in the Pacific is in view." The landing was made on the west coast, near Katena, and met with such light opposition that the Marines were able to dash across to the east coast, and thus to cut the island in two halves.



BACK FROM THE PACIFIC BATTLE-ZONE: A U.S. hospital ship, with a capacity load of wounded from Iwo-Jima, arrives at an advanced base where the wounded will be removed to shore hospitals

The ATTACK upon OKINAWA

The Newest Pacific Invasion by the American Forces

—With Two Special Sphere Drawings

The Marines drove south down Nakagusuka Bay, while the troops kept along the west coast, pushing towards Naha, the capital of the island, beyond which lay the best airfield on Okinawa. For some days the enemy opposition continued to be light, but the country was not easy for quick advance, as there were many caves in which the Japanese might be hiding, and which consequently required attention. They were sprayed with flame-throwers and then sealed up by demolition.

At last, on April 6, the Japanese made a great attempt to disperse the American Fleet by a fierce air attack, in which they lost 150 planes. The next day the U.S. scouts discovered the advance of a Japanese naval force, which included the *Yamato*, the most powerful battleship remaining to the enemy. Though greatly out-numbered, the Japanese gave battle, and a sharp engagement took place, in which the *Yamato* was sunk, together with a cruiser and three destroyers, and a great number of planes, estimated at some hundreds, destroyed. The Americans lost three destroyers, besides suffering damage to several others, but only seven planes were shot down. It is said that this disaster has crippled the Japanese Navy.

A task force of the British Pacific Fleet, serving under Admiral Spruance, had a share in the Okinawa invasion. Their work was to destroy the airfields and installations on Sakashima Island, the nearest island to Formosa, and to protect the American's left flank. They were commanded by Vice-Admiral Sir Bernard Rawlings, from his flagship, *King George V*, sister-ship to the ill-fated *Prince of Wales*. A carrier force of eleven carriers, including the *Illustrious*, was operating for the first time in the Pacific, working under the practical experience of the American Navy.

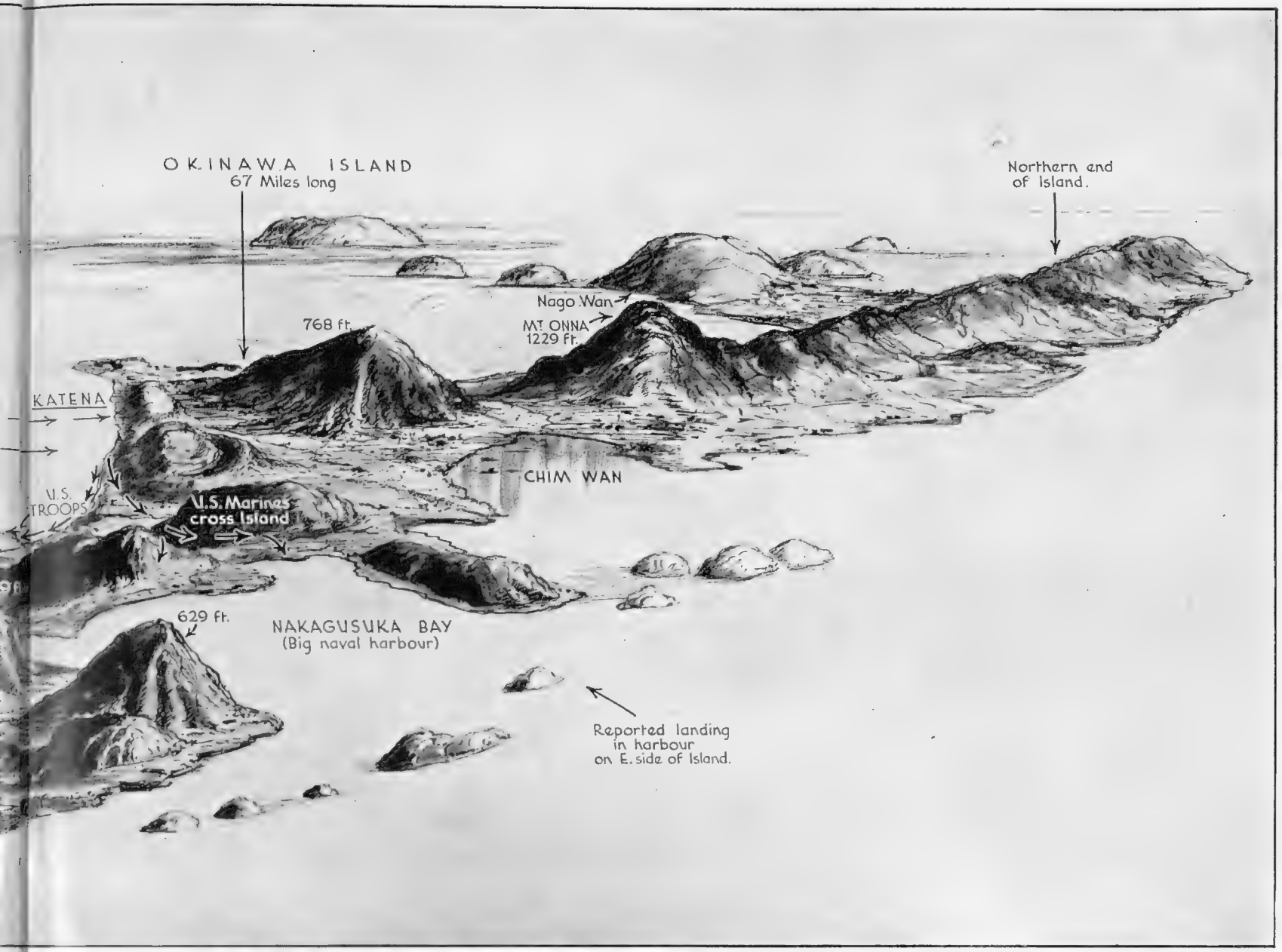
"God-speed to you, British brothers," was signalled to the British task force as it passed the American flagship on their way to Sakashima, where they carried out the duties given them with great efficiency, blasting the airfields and destroying small coastal vessels. The British airmen were experienced in much fighting both in the Arctic and the Mediterranean, but it was their first experience in the Pacific.

The Japanese on Okinawa struck against the invading force with considerable strength on April 6 and held up the advance, but the Americans have succeeded in landing so large a force that it is not likely to delay them very long. Okinawa will be a prize, when won, of real importance, both from the position of its airfields allowing of assaults upon Japan itself, and the excellence of its harbour. Nakagusuka is said to be another Scapa Flow, capable of holding great vessels, one of the finest harbours in the world. Its situation commands the Japanese communication with China.

WHERE THE AMERICANS HAVE CARRIED OUT THEIR LATEST INVASION IN THE PA... where the U.S. Marines cut completely across the island within the fir... ashore, and the scene of a second landing in the b... na...

THE BRITISH FLEET IN THE PACIFIC ASSISTS IN THE INVASION OF OKINAWA: The "King George V," using her big guns, neutralises Jap airstrips in the Sakashima group of islands to the south of the actual invasion area—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

The Sakashima islands are part of the Ryukyus: they lie about 180 miles to the south-west of the Okinawa group. In order to protect the south-west sea flank of the Okinawa invasion, the Royal Navy struck its first blows against airstrips to neutralise the Japs there and prevent a challenge to the landing operation. It was the beginning of vengeance for the black day when Jap torpedo-bombers sank the *Prince of Wales* and *Repulse* in December 1941. Around the *King George V* as she fired her big guns lay carriers escorting cruisers and screening destroyers. In the picture above, note the huge smoke-ring this is often seen when a big gun is discharged in still weather

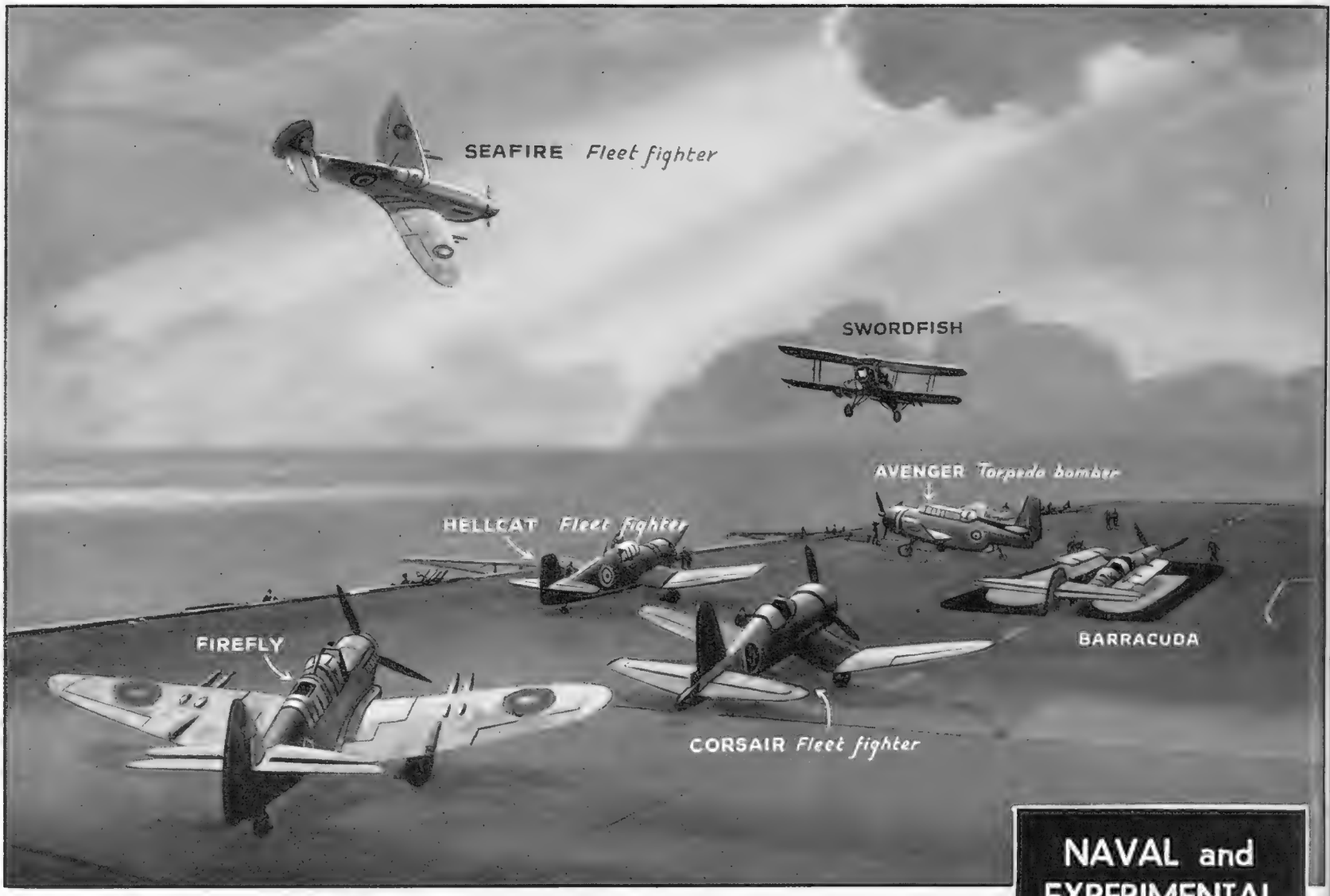


I THE PACIFIC, ONLY 370 MILES FROM JAPAN ITSELF: Okinawa Island, biggest of the Ryukyu group, n the first few days of the landing. This diagram-drawing shows where the U.S. forces went e b naval harbour of Nakagusuka Bay on the east side—*Drawing by Percy Home*

The Ryukyu, or Luchu, islands form a chain extending in a festoon south of Kyushu towards Formosa: they form a series of huge stepping-stones to Japan, which is only 370 miles away from the point at which the Americans have carried out their latest Pacific invasion. Okinawa is the biggest of the islands: it is roughly 67 miles long, with a breadth varying from two to fourteen miles. Thus it is larger than Iwo-Jima, but the ground is not so rugged. The inhabitants number around 435,000. The landings at this point seem to indicate the American intention to by-pass Formosa. Japan, the China coast and the big island of Formosa are all within easy bombing distance of Okinawa, which also has several good harbours for warship anchorage. The drawing given above shows many of the salient features of this strategically-placed stepping-stone and also indicates the points at which the Americans made their first landings, to north and east of the island

PREPARING THE BIG GUNS FOR THE NEWEST AMERICAN BATTLESHIPS: Workmen at the New York Navy Yard in Brooklyn are polishing the barrel of a 16-in. gun about to be installed in the U.S.S. *Iowa*, 45,000-ton battleship built at this yard, which is now rated as the largest in the world. It celebrated its 144th anniversary on February 23. The original site was purchased for five dollars: the yard now covers 290 acres and employs more than 60,000 persons. Since Pearl Harbour, the New York Navy Yard has constructed 215,000 tons of fighting ships, including the U.S.S. *North Carolina*, U.S.S. *Iowa*, U.S.S. *Missouri*—the most powerful class of ships afloat. The Essex-type carriers, U.S.S. *Benington* and *Bon Homme Richard*, were also built here

ANOTHER TARGET IN JAPAN FOR AMERICAN CARRIER-BORNE PLANES: Two pictures taken during the attack on Omura, during a "strike" by the U.S. Navy at Kyushu, in the Japanese home islands. In the upper picture, smoke is seen pouring from hangars and other buildings along the waterfront at Omura: in the lower, two American Helldivers are passing over burning hangars and other air installations at the same spot



THE FLEET AIR ARM AND ITS AIRCRAFT, FROM SWORDFISH TO FIREFLY : The types—British and American—which our naval pilots have flown in their fight against the Germans and the Japs—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

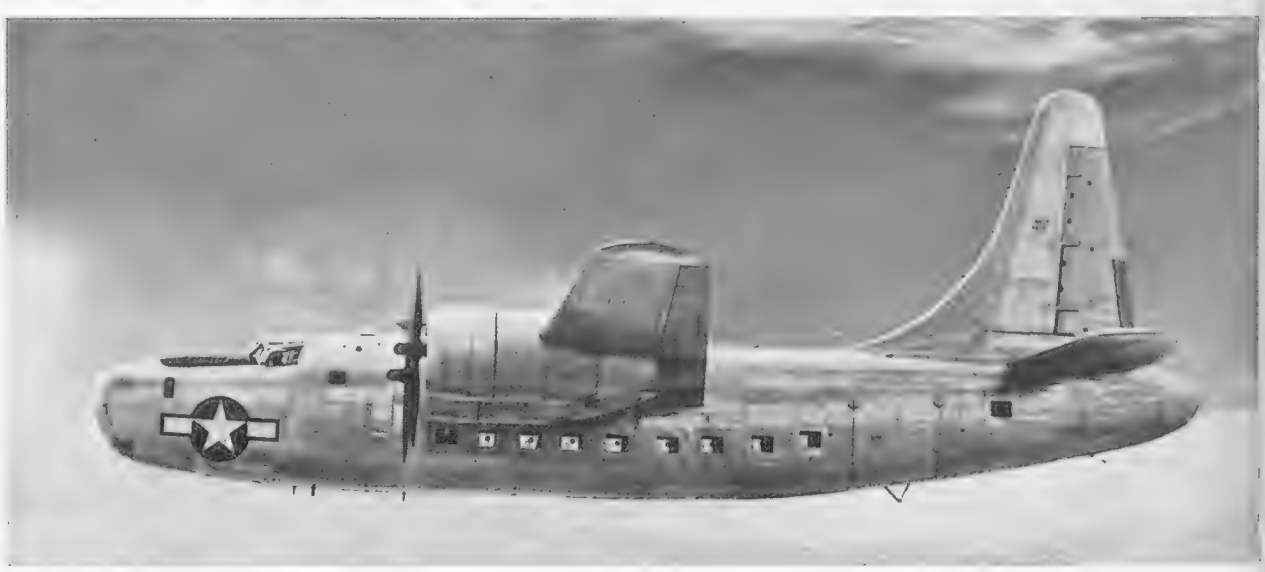
Much of the fighting carried out by the Fleet Air Arm within recent months has been done in American-built aircraft. Now, as the war with Germany recedes and the war against Japan emerges as the major effort, a switch-over is being made to the best which Britain herself can produce. The types produced by both countries are shown in the above drawing—of these, the single-seater Corsair, the Hellcat fighter and the Grumman Avenger are American, and have given continuous good performance. Of the British aircraft shown above, the Swordfish is being largely replaced by the more modern Barracuda ; the Seafire is the naval equivalent of the famous Spitfire ; and the Firefly is the British equivalent of the German Stuka applied to naval requirements. As the British Fleet moves eastwards, these are the types which will be called on from British factories by our own naval vessels

NAVAL and EXPERIMENTAL PLANES

Used by the Fleet Air Arm, and Under Test in the U.S.

NOSE-FIRST : AN EXTREMELY ADVANCED EXPERIMENTAL AIRCRAFT DESIGNED BY THE NORTHROP COMPANY IN CALIFORNIA. The engine has been placed behind, and the plane has no orthodox tail (*see note at right*)

On left—Following on the sensational Curtiss Ascender, or XP55 (illustrated in this journal on March 3), comes the equally sensational XP56, constructed by the Northrop Company in California. (This company are the makers of the Black Widow, twin-engined fighter monoplane recently introduced as a night fighter in many of the war theatres.) They have been engaged in the development of tailless aircraft of various types, and the XP56 is one of these. The nacelle is stubby and streamlined : the plane has vertical tail-fins above and below the nacelle and no horizontal fins. A radial, air-cooled engine drives twin, three-bladed, counter-rotating propellers located behind the vertical fins. The elevators and lateral controls are on the trailing edges of the wings. The whole shape of the aircraft seems to be in imitation of nature, as represented by the wings of a bird



***On right*—DESIGNED FOR LONG-RANGE FLIGHT—The new RY3 transport :** Made by the Consolidated Vultee Aircraft Corporation and designed for long-range overseas operation, this plane will carry twenty-eight passengers in addition to a crew of four. The plane, which has been in secret production for over a year, is a transport version of a Navy patrol bomber. The new transport has a wing-span of 110 ft. ; is 75 ft. 5 ins. in length ; and has a height of 29 ft. Powered with four 1,350-h.p. engines, it has a maximum speed of well over 250 m.p.h. The aircraft has a gross weight of 60,000 lb., with a range of over 3,000 miles. The Royal Air Force Transport Command is now using a fleet of these planes for military transport purposes in connection with the Pacific war

HOW THE ANTI-TANK GUNS KNOCK OUT THE HEAVIEST GERMAN ARMOUR: Actual examples taken during recent fighting on the Western Front, showing the damage inflicted by Allied tank-destroyers on the biggest German vehicles—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

ANTI-TANK GUN and AIRCRAFT ROCKET

For a long while in the Desert and in Europe, the heavy German tank was a potent weapon of destruction—until the anti-tank gun and the tank-destroyer had been perfected by the Allies as the logical reply. One of the weapons developed for ground operation is the rocket-firing Sherman tank, the existence of which was only revealed a few weeks ago. The type of destruction wrought by this powerful tank-destroyer is shown in the picture above. Its shells can penetrate the tough hide of a German Tiger or Royal Tiger, and blast it and its crew right out of existence: owing to its greater mobility and speed, the tank-destroyer has to a certain extent superseded the anti-tank gun, which reached its highest development in the Desert and in the earlier days of the Italian campaign. The rocket-firing Typhoon (shown in action in the drawing below) is a truly terrifying weapon against enemy convoys on the road: it has wrought fearful execution during the German retreats from France and, later, from the Rhine. For these aerial attacks, the Typhoons usually operate at "nought feet": they leave a trail of complete destruction in their wake

THE ROCKET-FIRING TYPHOONS IN ACTION AT LOW LEVEL AGAINST A GERMAN TRANSPORT COLUMN IN NORTH-EAST HOLLAND: This is the most powerful weapon yet devised for the destruction of massed convoys. The rockets installed on the Typhoons, and other Allied aircraft, have such hitting power that whole convoys have been obliterated by low-level attacks such as the above—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

From the BATTLE-FRONTS of the WORLD

New Pictures from Widely-separated Theatres of War

PREPARING FOR THE EIGHTH ARMY'S NEW OFFENSIVE: Flame-throwing Wasp carriers go into action to prepare the way for the following infantry, during final training

On April 9 the Eighth Army opened a new offensive in the Adriatic sector. The Senio River has been crossed on a wide front in the vicinity of Lugo, 12 miles west of Ravenna. A great air bombardment preceded the attack

ANOTHER PICTURE TAKEN ON THE SENIO RIVER: The infantry prepare to follow up the flame-throwing tanks—a scene during battle practice for the new offensive which opened on April 9

AIR MARSHAL GARROD TAKES OVER IN THE MEDITERRANEAN: Air Marshal Sir Guy Garrod, K.C.B., M.C., D.F.C., who has been appointed Commander-in-Chief of the R.A.F. in the Mediterranean and Middle East and Deputy to the Air C.-in-C. Mediterranean Allied Air Forces, succeeded Air Marshal Sir John Slessor, who is now Air Member for Personnel on the Air Council. Air Marshal Garrod, from the beginning of 1943, was Deputy Air Officer Commanding-in-Chief in India and South-East Asia Command. Here he is discussing tactics with—left to right—Air Vice-Marshal G. B. A. Baker, R.A.F. Chief of Staff; Brigadier-General C. P. Gabell, Director of Operations and Intelligence; and Air Commodore L. T. Pankhurst, Deputy Director of Operations

BELGRADE'S WARTIME RAILWAY: A scene in the station, which has been heavily bombed by the Germans and Allies in turn. To-day the station presents a brave but pathetic picture. Military and hospital trains have absolute priority, and passenger trains consist of the cattle-truck type, spotlessly clean but uncomfortable. In these trucks, the people are crowded closely, and on market days, when farmers are bringing their cattle and produce, travelling has its humorous side. At the station partisans answer inquiries from Yugoslavs, while Russians help their own countrymen, and Bulgars are ready to help Bulgarian travellers

MOONSHINERS ARE ROUNDED UP IN BELGIUM AFTER AN EPIDEMIC OF LIQUOR-POISONING: Cases of faked brandy hidden in straw near a farm building are found by Excise officers. The epidemic of liquor-poisoning among Allied soldiers has brought to light a Belgian bootleg industry run by peasants in the tradition of old Prohibition days in the U.S. A number of soldiers were poisoned by so-called cognac. Investigation by Excise officials and Military Police exposed many small distilleries hidden in peasant cottages, farm attics and stables. By evading the high tax on spirits, these bootleggers were collecting as much as 600 francs for a quart of this dangerous faked brandy. Discoveries also revealed that this hooch was often made in conditions of filth, with sugar-beet and methylated spirits, and in one instance fermented with manure

A GOOD HAUL OF BOOTLEG LIQUOR: Belgian inspectors and Excise officers find distilling equipment and bottles of faked brandy in a racketeer's motor-truck

A GREEK AWARD FOR GENERAL SCOBIE—The Grand Cross of George I, with Swords, presented by the Regent : Lieut.-General R. M. Scobie, Commander of the Allied troops, was awarded the highest military award of Greece on March 24—the day preceding Independence Day, the biggest fête of the year for the Greeks. The presentation was made by Archbishop Damaskinos. The decoration consists of a white enamel cross against gold crossed swords and laurel wreath. Here the General is seen just after the ceremony talking to Air Commodore W. C. Tuttle (on left), the Air Officer Commanding in Greece

"CAIQUE-HEAD" AT PIRAEUS, through which supplies go out to the Greek islands—A caique just returned unloads a cargo of olive oil : Caiques—small seagoing craft—are being used to take supplies to the islands of Greece, and to parts of the mainland. Under the supervision of Military Liaison, the caiques are loaded with relief supplies at Piraeus. The use of this method of sea transport greatly eases the strain on the overburdened Greek transport system, and rolling stock and 3-ton trucks can be released for other work. When the caiques have completed delivery, they do not return empty, but bring back surplus produce such as sultanas and olive oil

THE BIRMINGHAM SERGEANT who has designed a new hand-grenade in Italy—Sergeant Arthur Clifford Cross, D.C.M.

THE COMPONENT PARTS OF THE "CROSS COCK-TAIL," the new grenade being used in Italy : In answer to the need for a special weapon for fighting in Italy, Sergeant Arthur Clifford Cross, D.C.M., Royal Irish Fusiliers, has designed a hand-grenade combining most of the features of the H.E. 36 with the blast of a 25-pounder shell. The "Cross Cocktail," as it is known, was used for the first time in the middle of March and has so far been used only at night. In the picture above, the component parts of the new grenade are shown : they are, left to right—Igniters ; 2½-in. Safety Fuse (i.e., 7 seconds) ; Detonator ; slightly less than 1 lb. of ammonal ; stick of Noble's Explosive No. 808 ; wooden bung (to act as plug) ; casing of used 40-mm Bofors shell

MRS. WINSTON CHURCHILL IN MOSCOW in connection with the "Aid to Russia" Fund : The wife of the Prime Minister is now on a visit to the Soviet Union, where she is witnessing the manner in which the £9,000,000 she has raised is being used in Red Army hospitals. In the course of her stay, she is also visiting Soviet factories. This picture was taken during Mrs. Churchill's visit to one of the largest confectionery plants in Russia, where sweets, creams and candies are mass-produced. Wearing white factory overalls and kerchief, she is talking to a girl who speaks English. Mrs. Churchill was presented with gifts for herself and her daughters

A LUXURY FLOATING HOTEL FOR FIGHTING MEN IN THE PACIFIC : Proudly named the "Ritz Carlton," this floating hotel houses more than 600 Marines stationed at one of the bases operated by Squadron 10 of the Pacific Fleet Service Force, transferring and loading ammunition and supplies to and from ships. The U.S.S. "Ritz Carlton" is one of several hotels-on-hulls maintained by the Navy in the Pacific, containing nearly all the conveniences of a modern hostelry, including one that many of the latter do not possess—a movie auditorium

OUR LEAST-KNOWN ALLIES—THE CHINESE COMMUNISTS. Mao-Tze-Tung, Chairman of the Party, and his wife, Lan Ping, former Shanghai film actress : Chinese Communists, who are vaguely identified by most of the world as a radical group opposed to the National Government of Chiang Kai-shek, are in reality members of a compact Democratic Group. Actually, Red China is not Communist but a representative democracy with free elections, held by secret ballot. The long-standing feud between the Chinese Communists and the National Government has ended, with the conflicting forces united against the Japanese aggressors. The Kungchantang, as the Chinese Communist Party is officially known, governs an area of 90,000 km. in Northern China, known as the Border Region, some of it behind Jap lines, where more than 2,000,000 men, directed by the Communist Party, maintain anti-Japanese bases. In addition to these forces, there is the Communist Eighth Army, known as "Regulars," which also operates behind Jap lines in a combined effort with the People's Army

THE LIFEBELT OF THE AIR

The Evolution of the Parachute, First Designed to Save Airmen and Now Put to a Wide Variety of Other Uses

By CHARLES GRAVES

IT was Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519) who sketched the original prototype of a parachute. Montgolfier (1783), Blanchard and Garnerin (1797) are other names associated with the lifebelt of the air. The last-named was the first to land safely by parachute from a balloon. Next, historically, comes Thomas Baldwin, who had some novel ideas in 1880. It was not until the latter part of the last war, however, that parachutes were supplied to airmen. Even these—the Paulus type—were only issued to a few air crews in German bombers. The R.F.C., and later the R.A.F., were deliberately not supplied with parachutes, although the "Guardian Angel" type had been successfully evolved, for the brutal reason that aeroplanes were more valuable than the lives of pilots, and the authorities decided that if the pilot had no method of getting out of his aeroplane he would be more likely to try to bring it down to earth than leave it in mid-air.

At the very end of the war, all the belligerent countries realised that parachutes would have to be properly developed, and panels of experts were enrolled in seventeen different countries. But the minute that the war was over they were all disbanded, except the American commission, who tested every known type, and finally decided on the Irvin.

Leslie Irvin had been fascinated by parachutes since the age of twelve, when he designed a small hot-air balloon with a tabby cat and parachute attached. Unfortunately, the wind blew in the wrong direction, and the tabby was last seen heading over the Pacific from Los Angeles, where it was launched.

Irvin's design was the first to be manually operated. Harold Harris, an American pilot, was the first person in history who was compelled to jump from a damaged aircraft. He made a safe landing. That was in 1921, but it was not until 1925 that parachutes became standard equipment for the R.A.F. Shortly afterwards one could read in the newspapers ecstatic descriptions of "mass descents" of six airmen at the Annual Hendon Display.

The Russians were the first nation to take mass parachute landings seriously, and it became a national sport for young people of both sexes to jump from a high tower in Moscow. Strangely enough, the present war has shown very few cases of the mass use of airborne troops by the Russians, although some hundreds of parachute troops were dropped in Yugoslavia and at the forcing of the Dnieper.

The Germans were the first to exploit the parachute for airborne troops in a big way when they captured Crete, and we riposted on D-Day, at Arnhem, at the Rhine crossings, and at the Zuyder Zee. In the meantime, thousands of tons of war weapons had been dropped by parachute to the partisans in France, Belgium, Holland, Italy, Yugoslavia, Poland and Czechoslovakia. In addition, hundreds of R.A.F. men owed their lives to their parachutes. Several fighter pilots have baled out more than five times and have lived to fight again.

But there are many more types of parachute than man-droppers or container parachutes. Admittedly, the man-dropper parachute is the most dramatic, because a man's life depends on its functioning correctly. For this reason it is made slightly differently from all other parachutes, the material having to be cut on the bias, whereas in the others it is cut straight across. This cutting on the bias provides that additional bit of "give," or strength, when the strain is taken, and also ensures that should a rip occur in any panel, it would run straight to a seam and be localised.

Man-dropping parachutes, made especially for airborne troops, are 28 ft. in diameter. Each contains 140 panels, and each set of five panels constitutes a gore, making twenty-eight gores in each 'chute. The materials consist mainly of nylon fabric, the machining process being the joining of the cross seams which form the panels into gores. After the main seaming, the vents (or collars) are formed with a strong silk tape to give added strength. The 'chutes then go to the taping section, where small V-shaped pieces of reinforcing tape are machined to the bottom of each seam.

Shroud-lines are next threaded into the canopy, the total length of the lines being 369 yards, split up into fourteen double cords and making twenty-eight single cords: these cords are then zig-zagged (or cross stitched). The 'chutes are now ready for attachment to the harness, made out of special linen webbing with a breaking strain of 4,000 lb. to a single thickness.

There are two kinds of pack—an inner pack and an outer pack. The outer is similar to an envelope; the inner is more elaborate, being the one which ensures the quick release of the paratrooper from the aircraft. It is made in thirty-six different portions, from the light, easy sewing of the joining tapes to the exceptionally heavy sewing of the reinforcing webbings. The "free style" baling-out parachute, as used by air crew, has only one pack, with an intricate handle arrangement for removing the rip-cord, which releases a small pilot parachute, this in turn pulling out the main canopy. Sea-mine-dropping parachutes are made of hessian fabric and need especially heavy jute webbing for the shroud-lines. Flare parachutes differ in size. Some of the smaller types have a canopy consisting of fifteen yards of fabric; others need forty-five yards. Inspection of them has to be meticulous, as they are used by the pathfinders.

The biggest parachute that has yet been released by the censorship is the 60-footer made ready for D-Day. Their job is to drop 75-mm. guns and jeeps. Each parachute contains approximately a quarter of a mile of nylon and artificial fabric, and something like three-fifths of a mile of cord. When fully opened, there is nearly a mile of fabric in the sky. At one very sticky period in the Breville gap, the 6th Airborne was being heavily attacked by the 21st Panzer Division, and had a great number of anti-tank guns knocked out. The situation was restored by the dropping of anti-tank guns, which were in action within two hours.

The lifeboat parachutes are another stupendous production. They are cluster parachutes, six parachutes to a cluster, which drop large lifeboats to the rescue of ditched airmen, and are used by Flying Fortresses as well as Lancasters, Halifaxes and other British aircraft.

Parachutes were essential to General Wingate and his Chindits. They will continue to be vital for war against Japan.

During the Dunkirk and Calais days hundreds of parachutes had to be improvised for dropping containers full of food and arms to the troops. These were shipped off by R.A.F. Movement Control and flown straight across the Channel, while they were still coming off the assembly lines.

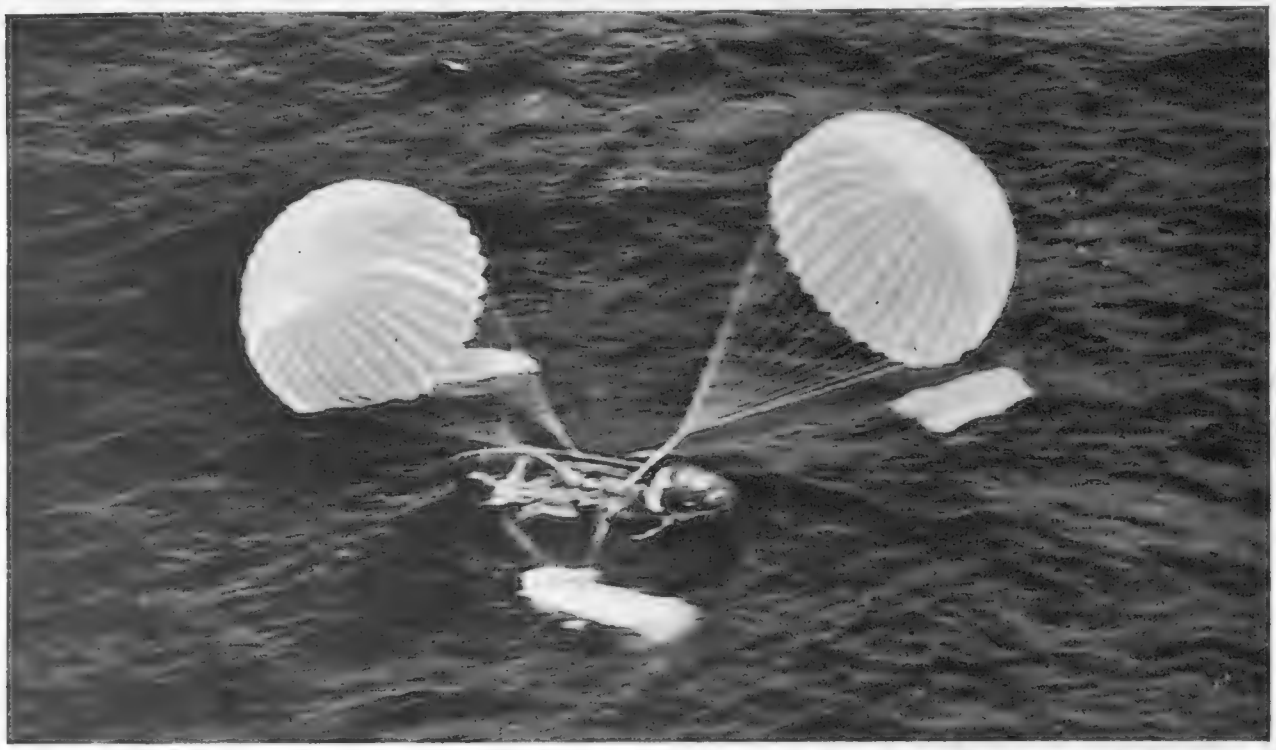
It may be added that 95 per cent. of the parachutes made throughout the country have been done by girls in England and Northern Ireland.

But no wonder that English women, and even American women to a minor degree, find it difficult to buy nylon or silk stockings!

In conclusion, the salient feature of all parachute manufacture is the time, care and study devoted to inspection. From the start of the process, even before actual cutting begins, the programme of minute inspection must be adhered to with a strictness so necessary for the production of the perfect item.

From the small pilot parachutes to the mammoth 'chutes capable of dropping motorised vehicles to troops, every article has to undergo an inspection at every stage. It requires little imagination to appreciate how essential this is. Lives depend on the perfection of the product. Not a chance can be taken or even risked. The comment, "Oh, that's just about right," can never be tolerated: everything must be 100 per cent. correct.

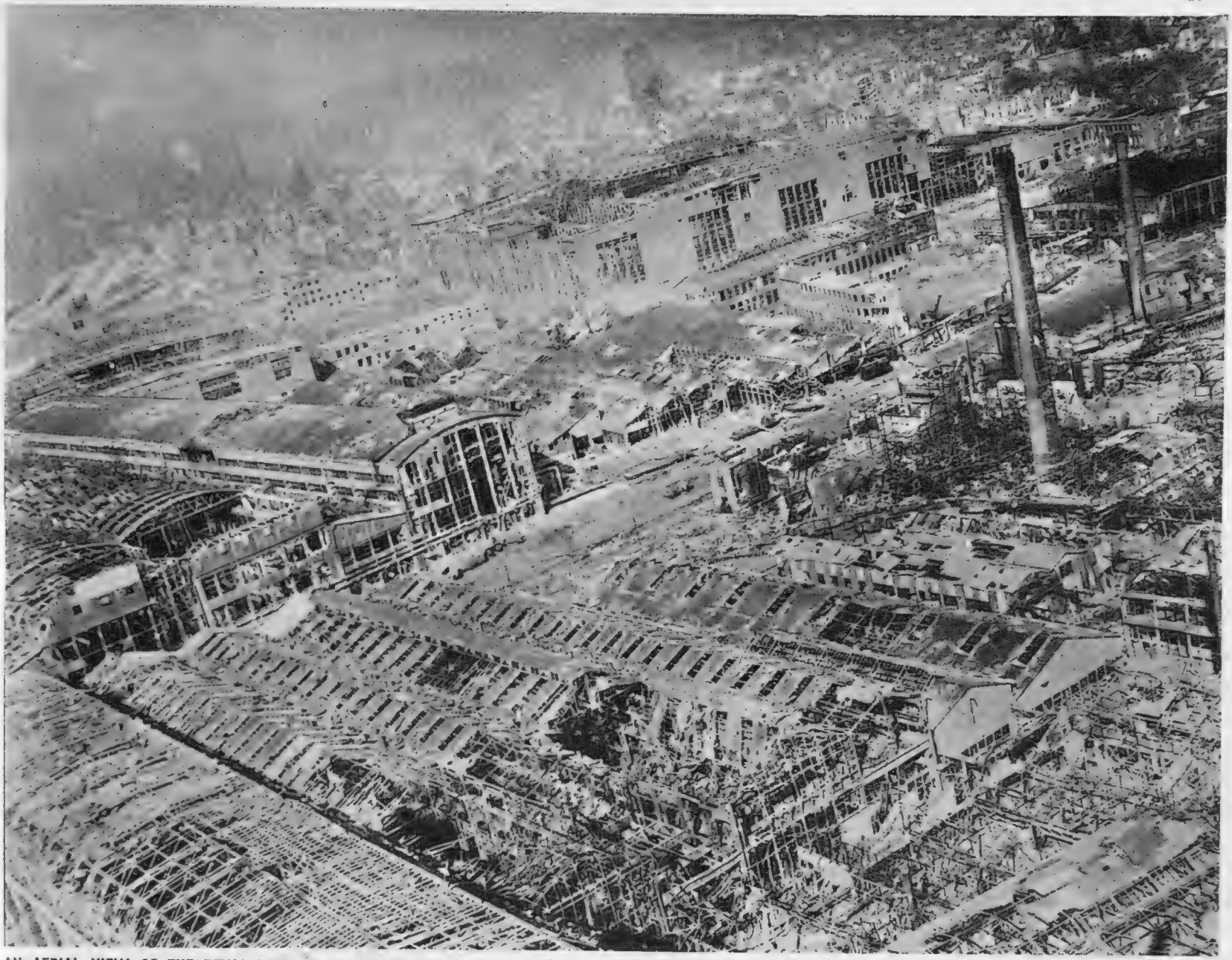
There is, after all, no other apparatus which demands an equally high price for failure. A parachute is a piece of life-saving equipment. It must function successfully always and in the most adverse conditions.



A BRITISH AIRBORNE LIFEBOAT IS DROPPED TO THE CREW OF AN AMERICAN FLYING-BOAT: The lifeboat is here righting itself just after hitting the water. Three of the parachutes have collapsed into the sea, and the others are in process of doing the same

THE CREW OF THE CATALINA AFTER THEY HAD TRANSFERRED from their dinghy to the airborne lifeboat dropped by the Warwick: A dramatic air-sea rescue of the American crew of a Catalina flying-boat was carried out on April 3 last by a Warwick lifeboat-carrying aircraft of R.A.F. Coastal Command and a Royal Navy rescue launch. The Catalina had been searching for the pilot of a fighter aircraft which had been forced down into the sea. Then the flying-boat got into difficulties and had to alight on the water. Owing to the heavy seas running, the Catalina's crew took to their dinghy and were adrift for five days before being sighted by an R.A.F. Coastal Command Warwick, which dropped an airborne lifeboat. Shortly afterwards the Catalina's crew were picked up by a naval rescue launch

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export



AN AERIAL VIEW OF THE DEVASTATED ARMAMENTS CENTRE, where the great works stretch over an area of 2½ miles by nearly a mile. This picture was taken by the R.A.F. whilst house-to-house fighting was still going on in the streets—which probably accounts for the deserted appearance of the town

The KRUPPS WORKS at ESSEN

From 1942 Krupps began to feel the effects of the night bombing by the R.A.F.; in 1943, and then in 1944, it also began to suffer severely from combined night and day bombing by American and British aircraft. By the end of 1944, only 30 per cent. of its previous output was possible—with priority being given to tank tracks. Production still further declined in 1945—until March 11, when one heavy raid put an end to all output. The above picture shows the present wrecked condition of the world-famous and vast plant

THE SPOT WHICH WAS THE MOST HEAVILY-BOMBED RAILWAY CENTRE ON EARTH—a view of the wrecked marshalling yards at Hamm after their capture by the Allies. Over these main lines (here seen from the window of a signal-box) eighty trains (3,000 wagons) passed each day when the tracks were in repair

The RAILWAY YARDS at HAMM

Nearly 5,000 workmen—mostly forced imported labour—were employed in repairing the bomb damage in the marshalling yards at the time when it was a regular target for Bomber Command. A great deal of wreckage had been cleared and many tracks repaired by the time that Hamm came into the possession of the Allies. Nearly 100 raids were carried out at this spot, which ranks as the most heavily bombed of the enemy's railway centres

NEW LAMPS and OLD

A Fortnightly Causerie on Life and Letters

By JOHN GORE

THE NAPOLEONIC PARALLEL.—I have been reading Mr. Bryant's interesting published volumes of his historic trilogy on the Napoleonic Wars and the industrial revolution in England. The parallels between the aggressions and menace of the tyrant Napoleon and the tyrant Hitler are many and obvious, and it may be that an indiscriminate student of history might make too much of them. For it is probably true to say that there is only one way broadly in which a virile island people, loving liberty and hating war and its regimentation and the expense of preparing for defence, can react to the urgent menace of invasion or loss of territory, when that menace becomes real and close and finds the virile islanders unprepared. I say a *virile* people. A flabby race, which we have never been, might wring their hands and admit defeat. A virile race can only ring the alarm-bell and leap to a man into the last ditches, sinking *pro tem.* their private and domestic hates and vendettas, as far as may be. Indeed, it may be argued that in some details the differences are more interesting and remarkable than the parallels in these two epochs of national danger. I am not one of those who believe that as science "improves" the frightfulness and destructiveness of war weapons, so the call on the individual courage of the soldier increases. I believe, on the contrary, that the archer of Crécy required as much resolution to face death as did the guardsman on Mont St. Jean in 1815, or the infantry on the Somme in 1916, or the Airborne commando-man of Arnhem.

Facing death is a leap into the unknown. The risk is conditioned by human experience, and in every war frightfulness is conceived to have attained to its ultimate peak. Thus the spear, the pike, the bow and the bombard have been in their time quite as terrible as the 12,000-lb. bomb, the land-mine, the rocket and the rest of the latest engines of destruction. More than this, it is quite probable that cold statistics might show in figures and ratios that the "expectation of death" at Waterloo, or even Crécy, was as high as to-day and certainly higher in the Somme or Flanders in 1916-18.

In our hour of danger in 1803 the parallel of military preparation, hectically improvised, was very exact with that of 1940. There were very marked differences in the reactions of public thought.

Mr. Bryant himself suggests to his readers the reflection that History can be written from a variety of angles. That reflection suggests that there is no satisfactory truth in History unless it contains the truth of views from every known or ascertainable angle. Indeed, it may be argued that Mr. Bryant has lowered the scale of Napoleon's genius in order to stress the parallel of two dictatorships.

DEMOLISHING A LONDON SURFACE SHELTER by repeatedly dropping a 3-ton steel block on to it from a height of 10 ft.

REDUCED TO A PILE OF RUBBLE IN LESS THAN AN HOUR. All that remains of the surface shelter after the 3-ton swing sledge has dealt with it

The history of a war as seen through the eyes of a Pitt or a Churchill bears little relation to that period of danger as seen through the eyes of my great-grandfather or of my own eyes.

And a Mighty Difference.—In 1803 the private citizen and the humble working man lay under the shadows of many a bogy besides Boney. The first stirring of the industrial revolution had already upset the roots of his traditional existence in a placid countryside, and hunger and misery and shattered hopes of betterment were nearer and more dangerous enemies to his peace than was the First Consul striding the cliffs of Calais and Boulogne.

Ten years of crippling taxation and many a bad harvest had pinched and obsessed all classes, and during those years of war the Governments of the day had never had time or inclination to turn their hands to the urgent problems of reconstruction, precaution and reformation in the social and economic life of the nation, turned upside down by a revolution which had little connection with Bonaparte's aggressions or even with the French Revolution and Jacobinism. Why is it that the literature of that day so clearly reveals a mighty difference in the reactions of the man in the street to the tyrant over the Channel in 1800 and in 1940? What is that mighty difference?

In 1803 there is manifest indifference to the details of the battles overseas and very much closer and more anxious concern with conditions, political and economic, in this island. There are many obvious explanations to account for this difference.

Communications in 1800 were little, if at all, more advanced beyond the time of Hadrian. A messenger from Rome in 1800 got to London not much quicker than did a Roman Emperor's emissary. Victories on land and sea were not heard of in London sometimes for months after the events. An Intelligence Service existed, but it was solely for official uses. The notion of feeding a "democracy" with straight news or propaganda was not born. There was no idea of popularising, applauding or making intelligible to the public the courage and endurance of its armies and navies, and there was no personal danger, in the daily experience of the public at home, to give that public a sense of fellowship with its army at the front—of which a proportion was of still mercenary, alien "professionals."

There is, therefore, no great mystery in the oft-cited anomaly that the popular novelist of 1800 never gives a clue to the fearful dangers of the times in which he wrote, and that no soupçon of "militarism" mars the small placidity of his village plots and drawing-room preoccupations.

The Battle of Westminster.—But when we turn to the memoirs of contemporary politicians and find the same absence of preoccupation with the *details* of war abroad, the mystery is not so easily resolved. I myself, for good reasons, turn naturally to Creevey. Even in his younger days he was shrewd enough, and particularly interested in military history, and was favourably situated to satisfy that interest by the accident of a close friendship with the Moore family—Sir John, the great military hero of his day, and Graham, his sailor brother, perpetually engaged in the Low Country Wars of the 1790's, and the later blockades of France. In his *eighteenth*-century correspondence, it is curious to note how minor is Creevey's concern with details of war, and how urgent his interest in the political and social aspects of the French Revolution, and in the political battlefield of Westminster.

His answers to Graham Moore's details of naval engagements and grouses can hardly have been satisfying; for, reading between the lines of a one-sided correspondence, it is clear that Creevey brushed those details aside to make room for the more absorbing interests of the political quarrels in Westminster. And his friend Currie, another shrewd and thoughtful observer, leads us to the same conclusion in his letters to Creevey. Domestic politics were more interesting to the average Briton than details of the grim and vital struggle on the Continent and the seas.

The wars of the Low Countries, in which we engaged small expeditionary forces in the last years of the eighteenth century, simply did not interest even the informed and inquisitive Englishman. It was not until Trafalgar had been fought and won, and the menace of invasion for a century somewhat removed, that such men began to take out their maps and take an intelligent interest in the manœuvres and endurance of their fighting men on the Continent and on the seas.

The evidence is not confined to Creevey. The memoirs of men of other Parties, including the Tory, show the same lack of interest in *details* of our overseas expeditions. The Battle of Westminster held all interest while the danger from Bonaparte remained most acute. And that, I should say, is a very stimulating and remarkable and exact reverse of public reaction to the Hitler menace.

The Root Cause of the Difference?—In 1940, and at all the acute crises in the war since 1940, the presence or revival of instant danger quickly closed our ranks at home and focused our interest on the battlefields and the heroism of our troops, leaving the Battle of Westminster in eclipse and the Party axes to a temporary rusting. The moment that danger ceased to be urgent, with the first breath of wind in our favour again, back into the picture has come the Battle of Westminster, out again the Party axes. Social and political reform have crowded out the doings of the fighting men. The Battle of Trafalgar and the Battle of Britain had an exactly opposite effect on the mental reaction of the public at home.

DEMOLITION REVEALS THE STRENGTH OF LONDON'S SURFACE SHELTERS: The tremendous strength of London's surface shelters, which saved many thousands of lives during five years of enemy raids and V-bombing, is revealed in a spectacular manner by a novel method of demolition. Shelters which are defective or cause obstructions are being removed under the supervision of the technical branch of the Ministry of Home Security. From the jib of an excavator manned by two men of the Royal Engineers, a 3-ton steel block is dropped repeatedly on to the roof of reinforced concrete from a height of about 10 ft., cracking and weakening the structure. The weight is then swung against the sides of the shelter from an approximate distance of 16 ft., each wall being battered until it collapses. Five men using pneumatic drills would take a week to do the job; the two men with their excavator have reduced a surface shelter to a pile of rubble in less than an hour—a striking economy in man-power and time

Is it enough to account for this curious fact—for fact it probably is, though facts and clear proofs are hard to come by in History—is it enough to account for the difference by pointing to the great propaganda machine of our present day—the M.O.I., the Press, the B.B.C., the war correspondents, the recording vans—which have kept our minds focused on the fighting men?

It is true that for six years 90 per cent. of our Press have devoted 90 per cent. of their columns to details of war. It is true that science has killed distance and time and brought to our doors a distant battlefield. It is true that the fighting man of 1800 was not generally regarded as the *preux chevalier* which he is to-day.

But, while so much has changed, human nature does not change. Jane Austen's anxiety for her young sailor brother must have been as deep as is ours for our own sons and nephews, and that anxiety, one would suppose, must be expressed, as often it is, in conversation and letters and even novels.

Was it escapism that accounts for the omission? Are we to-day greater realists, more ready to face hard facts? There is no evidence of that. In many ways, our ancestors revealed a robuster realism and even greater stoicism under suffering and affliction. Was it perhaps that the public of 1800 had more suspicion of, and less trust in, its Government, and therefore could not take its eyes off Westminster?

There remains a far more notable, and more easily understood, difference in the national life in these two periods of acute danger, so notable indeed as to make the search for parallels a mere recreation. It is this: You could comb 70 per cent. of the published letters, diaries and novels of the Napoleonic Wars period and search in vain in them for any clear signs that the lives of civilians at home had been seriously uprooted, or even scratched, by war. (I do not say by the economic results of war and industrial revolution.)

But in the same literature of 1940-45, in a far shorter war, you would find overwhelming proof of the uprooting of social life in every class. The war of 1939 is the first in history to achieve a *total* revolution in civilised social life, in the shortest possible time and over the widest area.

NEWS PICTURES from BRITAIN and the U.S.

THE REPLANNING OF TOWER HILL : A view looking along the Hill towards the Royal Mint, showing the area which would be affected by the proposals for an increased open space adjoining the Tower embodied in the recent report put forward by the Tower Hill Improvement Trust. In the extended open space, a children's playground and other recreational facilities are favoured, as well as an area laid out with lawns and flower-beds. It is contended that, if the properties damaged or demolished by enemy action on Tower Hill are rebuilt on the old lines, the opportunities for replanning, now afforded, will be lost for a number of years

OF GREAT INTEREST TO FISHERMEN : The restocking of a Highland loch with Loch Leven trout. The cans in which the fish came are carried back to the road at Tyndrum, West Perthshire

THE NEW EGYPTIAN MINISTER IN LONDON is the champion sportsman Abd-el-Fattah Amr Pasha : Sportsmen will remember him as Amr Bey, world squash-rackets champion. His new title was conferred on him a few months ago by King Farouk. Only thirty-six years of age, he will be in full charge of the Egyptian Embassy in London until a new Ambassador is appointed to succeed Dr. Hassan Nachat Pasha, who had to give up his post when he married an English girl last October. Amr Pasha was unbeaten world champion for six years : he captained the British team against the U.S. in 1935

THREE YOUNG SCOTS ASSIST to pour the tiny trout into the loch from one of the carrier cans : Hundreds of yearling and two-year-old Loch Leven trout from the Howieton Hatcheries at Stirling have just been introduced into the waters of Lochen-na-Bhe, 800 ft. above sea-level at Tyndrum, in West Perthshire. This should provide some excellent sport for anglers when conditions in Scotland become normal again after the war

THESE ARE THE "BEST-DRESSED WOMEN" IN AMERICA : Chosen from various fields of feminine activity, these women were selected by a group of fashion experts, at the Hotel Pierre, in New York, as the best-dressed women of the year ; each has received an award. From left to right, they are—Carole Landis (actress), Major Juanita Redmond (Army nurse), Esme Davis (journalist), Vivian Della Chiesa, Lieut. Gilman Spencer (Navy nurse), Mrs. Leon Mandel, Jane Wyatt, Nadine Connor (opera star) and Mrs. Walter Thornton (U.S. business woman). Others chosen by the judges were Ann Sheridan (screen actress), Mary Livingston (radio star), Mrs. Harmon Spencer Auguste (society woman) and Jan Froman

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

A COLLECTION OF THE NEWEST BOOKS

The First Part of Sir Osbert Sitwell's Autobiography; An Eight Months' Survey of India; Espionage and Counter-Espionage; The Adventures of Mr. Campion; A Tarzan in Reverse

SIR OSBERT SITWELL practises and enjoys the grand manner, of which his new book is so adequate an example. Planned on a large scale, LEFT HAND, RIGHT HAND! (Macmillan. 15s.) is to be the first of four volumes of autobiography, and deals partly with the author's childhood, partly with a description of his ancestry, amounting as much to a dissertation on social conditions in England as to the chronicles of one family.

Sir Osbert has taken his title from the palmist's belief that the lines in the left hand are those with which we are born, whereas those in the right hand are lines which we create during our lifetime. Basing his tale on this theory, he sets the stage for the complete edition of his autobiography by devoting the greater part of this volume to his line of descent.

The ancestry seems like an endless chronicle of the illustrious, but when the author himself appears on the scene as a rather delicate small boy left much to the care of a beloved nurse, the story contracts and becomes human. There is a vivid picture of his parents: his brilliant, detached mother and the autocratic character of his father, whose passion for landscape gardening on a monumental scale led him into excesses which included an attempt to stencil a blue design on his white cattle.

It occurs to one in reading that whatever the author may have derived in brilliance and worldly gifts from his ancestry, the small humanities were learned, in company with his dearly-loved brother and sister, at the hands of their nurse and in the purlieus of the butler's pantry. A love of the country homes at Renishaw, in the Peak District of Derbyshire, and in Scarborough, runs through his writing, and there are clear indications of his very early interest and education in the arts.

A paragraph from the introduction is well worth quoting. Nothing could be more lucidly or definitely explanatory of the whole style and purpose of the book. "I should like to emphasise," writes Sir Osbert, "that I *want* my memories to be old-fashioned and extravagant—as they are; I *want* this work to be as full of detail, massed or individual, as my last book, of short stories, was shorn of it—had to be shorn of it because of its form. I *want* this to be gothic, complicated in surface and crowned with turrets and with pinnacles, for that is its nature."

And elsewhere—"Not even the beginning of the book, however, do I wish to be written with childhood's innocent eye; for nothing can alter the fact that it is impossible again to travel in that lost kingdom. (And, as for that, just *how* innocent is the eye of childhood? My sister says, indeed, that since the publication of my novel, *Before the Bombardment*, she has never been able to look a child of between three and twelve straight in the eye

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN TENNIS HISTORY—Husband and wife compete in the Junior Club Tennis Tournament: Mr. and Mrs. K. H. Howes made lawn-tennis history when they took part in the Junior Club of Great Britain Tennis Tournament at Kenton, Middlesex. The couple entered for the singles and played together in the mixed doubles. There is no previous record of a married woman ever playing in a British Junior Tennis Tournament

again, for, to her knowledge, all the material for it, all the full characterisation and detail, was gathered by myself at that age from my surroundings when at Scarborough, or from what I divined to be behind them.)"

There is much of the writer between those dread, observant years of three and twelve in this volume, as well as much about what he calls "the many people who died before I was born, but who still influence me, perhaps, in ways I do not know as well as ways to be recognised, for past and future both work upon the present . . ."

It is true that in style and surface this book is Gothic, but with that elaboration of detail, it also has a warm humanity that is less expected and a humour that is not incongruous with a degree of ancestor-adulation.

MARTIAL INDIA (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 8s. 6d.) was the last work of Major Francis Yeats-Brown, and is the result of his eight months' survey of to-day's India; the India which has supplied, armed and trained 2,000,000 volunteer recruits. It is in those recruits, felt the writer, that the country's best hopes for the future lie.

After spending these months last year visiting the training camps of the Indian Army, Navy and Air Forces, and also the various fronts in Italy and Burma where Indian troops have been engaged, Major Yeats-Brown has given us not only a clear picture of their activities, but some idea of the homes from which the men have come. He has shown the difficulties arising from religious and caste differences, but has indicated—one hopes without too much optimism—that these are being overcome.

In this volunteer army he found nothing but loyalty and good fellowship for British comrades-in-arms, and considered that with the eventual return of these men to their homes would lie the greatest hope for Indian unity and progress: a belief that many of us hold about the relationship of other allies.

One of the most interesting sections of the book is devoted to industrial India, and gives some illuminating sidelights not only on the big and well-known firms, such as Tata Iron and Steel Company, which employs 200,000 workpeople, but also the "cottage industries" which in two years have turned out goods for the Forces to the value of something well over £8,000,000.

Because of its subject, and again, because of the writer's familiarity with the Indian mentalities and his affection for the people, this is a book to consider seriously. It is not the final answer to all we would wish to know about India to-day—what could be? But it is sane and well-observed and written with sincere, not assumed, sympathy for the nation it discusses.

Mr. Michael Home's novels have their own category, securely established with his trilogy, *The Place of Little Birds*, and now justified again with his new book, THE CYPRESS ROAD (Methuen. 8s. 6d.), which moves the terrain from North Africa to Italy, but which deals equally deftly with espionage and counter-espionage during the present war.

His current hero is one Major Chevanne, a British Intelligence officer working behind the Allied lines in Italy. He finds it difficult to be resigned about the news that his squadron-leader son, aged twenty-three, has been shot by the enemy while trying to escape from a prisoner-of-war camp, and is even less reconciled to a philosophic attitude when two young airmen, who have themselves witnessed young Chevanne's death, tell his father that he was tortured and murdered by a certain German, whom they identify. It is then that Chevanne plans to get on the track of the criminal and to avenge the boy's death.

By posing as an escaped Italian prisoner, he succeeds in deceiving the Gestapo, and is given their permission to pose as an agent of the Badoglio Government. After a number of adventures, all related with the usual Home relish, Chevanne discovers that the Germans have not trusted him from the beginning, and the "chief" for whom he has been ostensibly working is the very man who ordered his boy's death. Just as he is about to be tortured, questioned, and probably murdered, like his son before him, the R.A.F. come to the rescue and provide an almost too plausible solution to his difficulties.

But for that single false note, the spell of adventure and of the sort of inevitability produced by a really well-constructed plot does not falter.

I must confess that any book opening with the sentence: "The man and the woman carried the body cautiously up the stairs," has my undivided attention from then on. When, further, the book is by Miss Margery Allingham, and a new Campion story into the bargain, you will understand my single-mindedness. CORONER'S PIDGIN (Heinemann. 8s. 6d.) is as topical as any work of fiction can be with fact racing at its present pace. Mr. Campion, the great detective, is home in London for a well-deserved leave from the war fronts, and calls at his flat for an hour or two between trains, as he intends to take a long and absolutely tranquil rest in the green countryside.

Unfortunately, it is up *his* stairs that the man and woman are carrying the corpse, and the fact that the porters are one Mr. Lugg, Campion's Cockney servant, and Edna, Dowager Marchioness of Carados, complicates the affair not a little from the detective's point of view. After a few determined efforts to keep to his scheduled holiday plan—"For nearly four years I 've been thinking of catching a train at Euston, and this is the great afternoon"—he succumbs to their pleas for help, and, at first reluctantly, then with increasing interest, starts to investigate what proves a very odd case indeed.

Nazi agents are in it, and big houses in blitzed London squares, and famous art treasures, and clubs for the greater appreciation of good wine (a pre-war foundation, this), and Victorian country houses of surpassing ugliness. And a company of crooks and charmers as varied and excellently drawn as they are rare in the pages of this type of fiction. Miss Allingham, in fact, is a novelist first and a writer of thrillers second.

If this is the kind of thing you like, in other words, you 'll like it *very* much.

The Countess Gabrielle Hessenstein has written a kind of *Tarzan* in reverse; a satirical fantasy of

PRINCESS ELIZABETH TRAINS AS A.T.S. OFFICER: H.R.H. Princess Elizabeth, in the uniform of a Second Subaltern in the A.T.S., pictured at a Training Centre in Southern England, where she is undergoing a course of instruction. She was recently visited there by the King and Queen, who took tea with her in the officers' mess

a monkey caught in its jungle and shipped to a zoo, where it is taught with some success to behave like a human being and to adopt conventional table manners. In fact, as he tells the other monkeys when he escapes and returns to them, his favourite occupation has been to sit at a well-laid table, drink a cup of tea and smoke a cigar.

Apart from this harmless foible, however, the hero of MONKEY PARADISE (Methuen. 7s. 6d.) takes a fairly poor view of human ways, and delights in ridiculing them to his cronies. This Booby is, in fact, a far more amusing character than the human child whose story is rather laboriously introduced. Recommended for the very lightest of reading.

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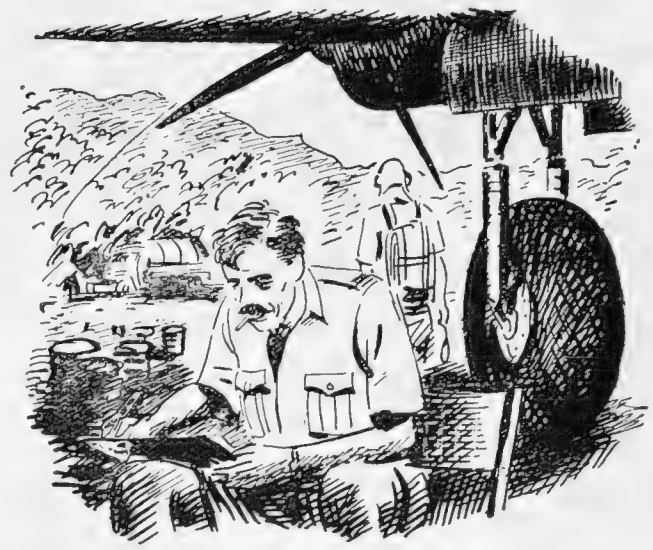

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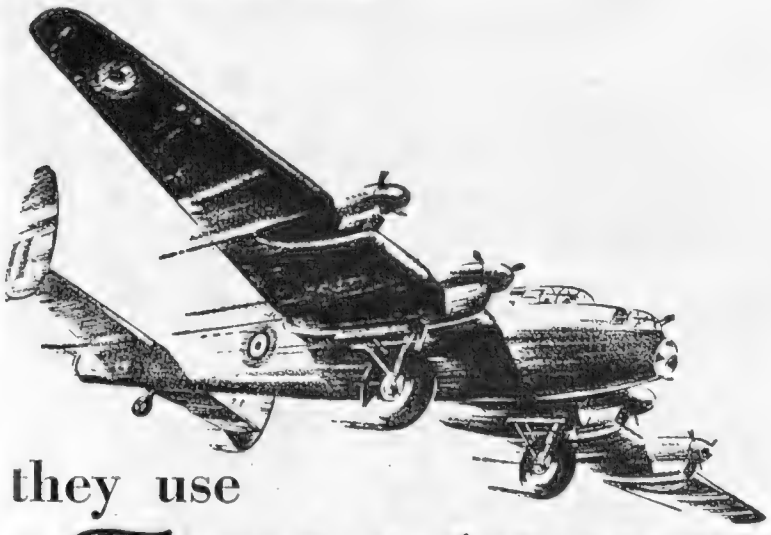

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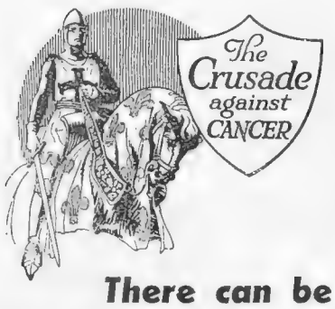

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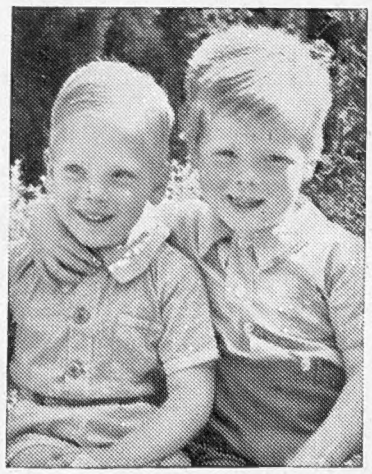

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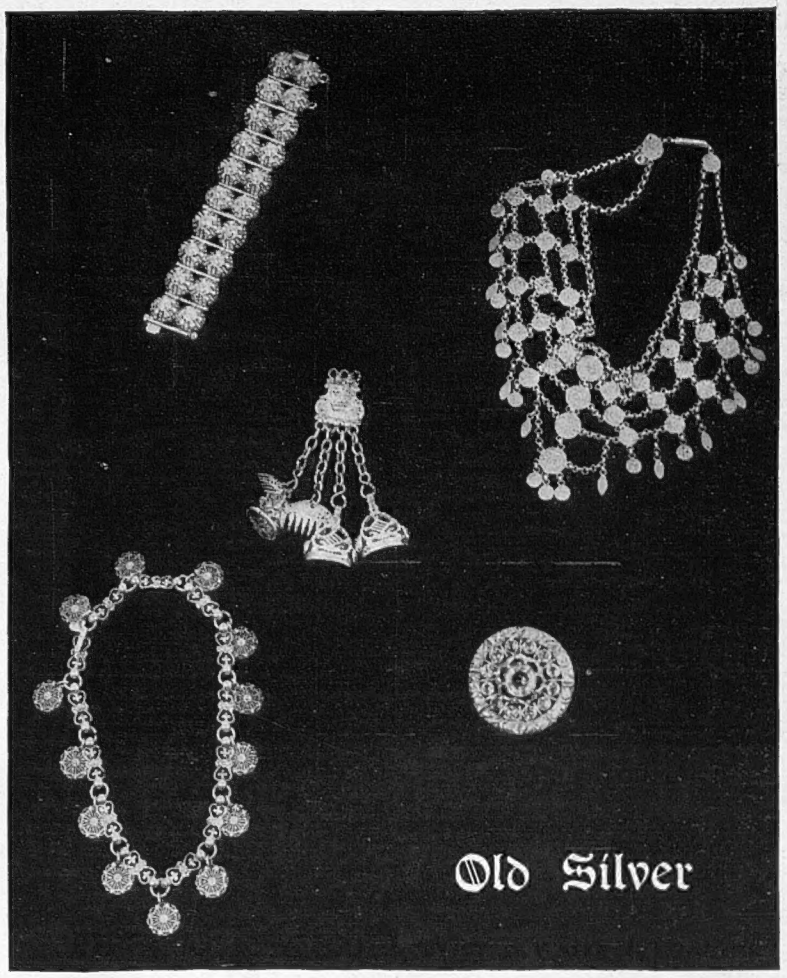

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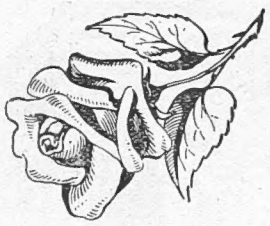

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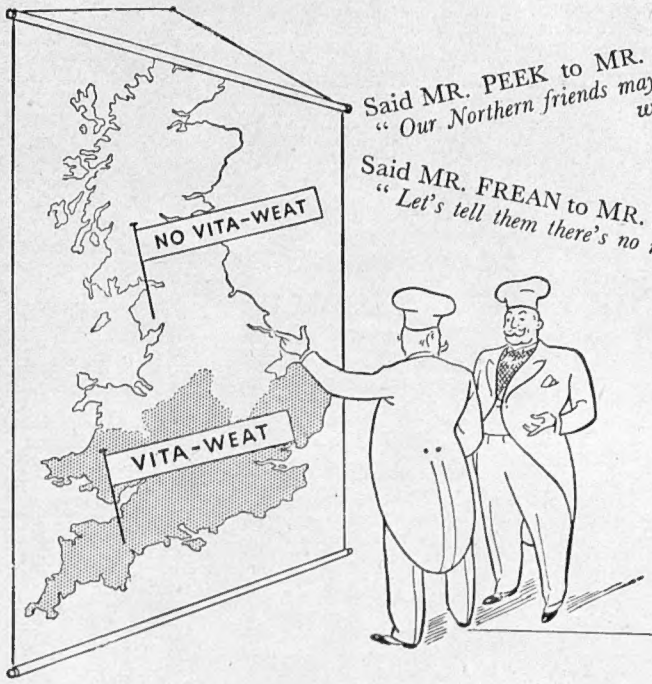

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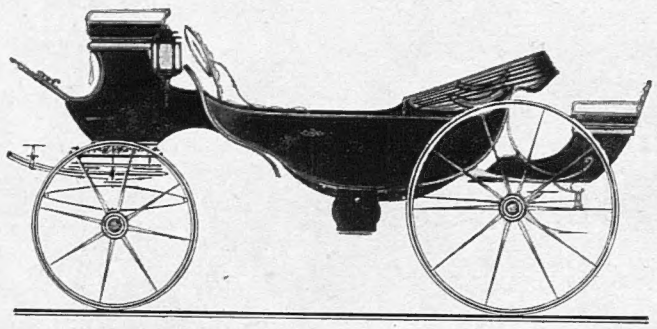

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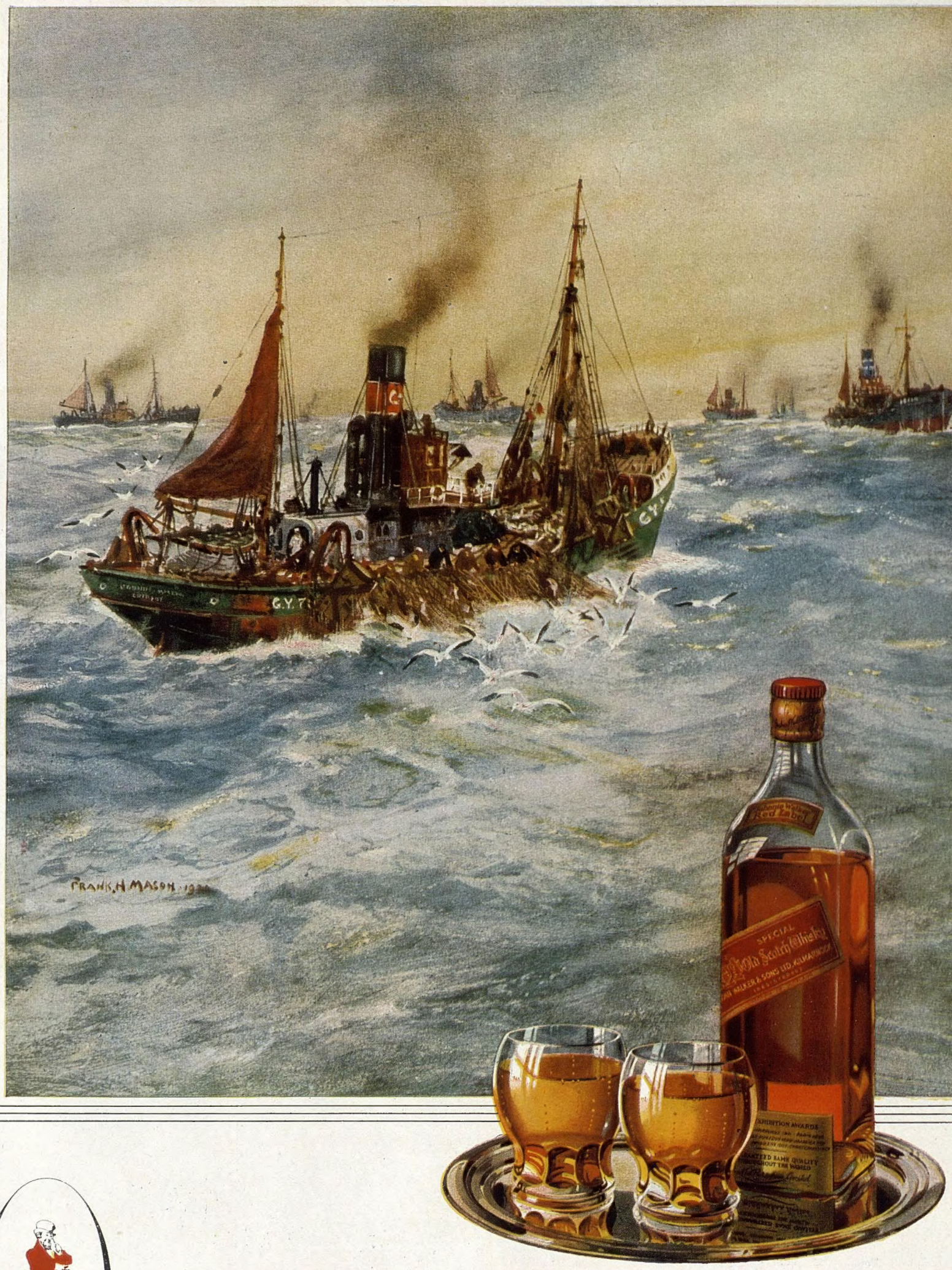

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